

Driftwood

ADLAI ALBERT ESTEB





and Other Poems
Including Translations
of Chinese Poetry

by
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*"History records great deeds;
Poetry inspires them."*

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Section I

Religious and Nature Poems

DRIFTWOOD

I stood beside the sea one day
And watched the waves and whitecaps play,
When suddenly to my surprise
Some driftwood stopped before my eyes.

I stooped to lift it from the sand
And held it lightly in my hand;
And then I sat beside the sea
And placed that driftwood on my knee.

'Twas then the strangest thing occurred:
That driftwood told, without a word,
The weirdest tale I ever heard;
My mind and heart and soul were stirred.

Well, here's the tale it told to me
As I sat there beside the sea.
I hope it speaks to you today
The way it spoke to me that day.

"I'm just a piece of driftwood, true,
But I've a message, friend, for you.
I'm glad you've taken time today
To hear the things I have to say.

"I like the way you look at me;
I think you're worthy of the key
That will unlock the treasure store
And secrets from the days of yore.

"The riches that those secrets hold
Are greater far than earthly gold.
I have refused to give this key
To thousands who have looked at me.

"They've looked with scorn and nothing more,
Then cast me down upon the shore.
A few have thrown me in the sea,
And watched me struggle to be free.

"Then one by one they'd disappear—
And no one took the time to hear
The story that I had to tell.
So listen, friend, and listen well.

"I started out in life a tree,
And lovely as a tree could be;
And underneath my cooling shade
The happy little children played.

"Had all those boys and girls been good
I never would have been driftwood.
But I recall one tragic day
Two careless boys came by my way.

"They'd left some work they should have done
To run away and have some "fun"(?)
Now, I delight when children play,
If organized the proper way.

"But those two urchins had no aims,
Not organized for work or games.
One had a jackknife, one a nail—
I hesitate to tell the tale.

"And I will not put all the blame
Upon those boys without an aim,
And yet the marks they left in me
Began my life's stark tragedy.

"At first I felt a little sick
When that sharp steel began to prick,
Just like the ill of boys who smoke;
For I had heard the one who spoke.

"He told how it had made him sick,
But thought it was a clever trick
To smoke, though mother said 'twas wrong;
But he would prove that he was strong.

"I guess I didn't know just then
What makes strong trees and makes strong men;
But well I learned through passing years
That sin brings failure, grief, and tears.

"I had to learn through awful woe
That all men reap just what they sow.
It's just as true of boys as trees;
You can't do everything you please.

"I know those marks upon my side
Were little doors that opened wide
To every stranger, good or bad
And here's the second step so sad:

"A termite chanced to pass along,
And then I did a dreadful wrong;
He promised me a wondrous thrill
If I would let him play at will.

"But soon I saw my sad mistake;
I saw that termite was a fake,
So really did my honest part
To drive that termite from my heart.

"Alas! I found it was too late
To e'er restore my former state.
I could not put the marks away,
However much I tried that day.

"I sent my sap, my lifeblood pure,
To wall it off and thus ensure
Another chance to try to be
A firm and sound and healthy tree.

"But I was not content to stay
Within my lot day after day.
I thought I'd like to look around
To see what things on earth were found.

"My hour soon came; for, lo! one day
A woodsman chanced to pass my way.
He looked me o'er and then began
A process that he called a plan.

"He had a blueprint in his hand
To make a ship that he had planned.
He needed just my kind of wood
To build that ship, so strong and good.

“That sounded great to me, and so,
I didn’t want to let him know
I had a termite in my heart—
I thought I’d play the noble part.

“And so I lifted high my head.
The woodsman smiled a bit and said:
‘A tree that looks so fine, indeed
Must have the kind of wood we need.’

“It didn’t take him long to swing
An ax that made the forest ring;
It hurt a lot when he began
That process that he called a plan.

“I tried to act my very best,
But wondered if I’d stand the test;
The woodsman seemed to doubt me, too,
And wondered if I would prove true.

“I feared as he inspected me—
I feared I would rejected be.
He lingered o’er one little part—
It was that termite in my heart.

“His frown began to disappear,
He muttered something I could hear,
About, ‘It isn’t very bad—
It seems the best that can be had.’

“Full well I knew just what he meant;
He saw the inner structure rent;
Not ‘very bad,’ but just enough
To prove I ‘had been better stuff.’

"O how I longed right there and then
To have that golden chance again,
When that old termite passed my way,
And I had let him in that day.

"I could have kept him out, I know,
If I had only chosen so.
But I had let the stranger in—
For just a little fun—'twas sin!

"I shrank to know I'd always see
Those marks that sin had left in me;
And yet I thought I could be strong
And overcome that tragic wrong.

"And so they chose my form and frame
To build a ship of force and fame.
They thought my surface seemed so fair
The ship could sail 'most anywhere.

"They really built a marvelous ship;
It seemed it should make any trip.
They launched the ship with fanfare grand;
The news was sent throughout the land.

"The great bands played, the people cheered,
With hope so high, fear disappeared.
And so we sailed the seven seas,
Where'er the famous captain pleased.

"We carried cargo rich and rare,
And mighty men and maidens fair.
And every trip around the earth
Increased our value, fame, and worth.

"Some thought our ship so strong and great
They'd sail the seas and trust to fate.
They left our anchor, so our hold
Could carry much more yellow gold.

"And so we sailed, and all seemed well;
Yet certain fears would not dispel.
Then came the tragic day and hour
That tested all our strength and power.

"The storm that broke with fearful shock
Soon bore us toward a jagged rock.
And then the awful moment came
That I had feared so long with shame.

"The crashing of the wind and storm,
The pounding of the whole ship's form,
Subdued us to a grueling test,
When everything must be its best.

"We might have stood the stress and strain
And spared the loss of life, the pain,
Had we not crashed upon that rock
At just my weakest place for shock.

"How true the wheels of fate do turn
And bring back memories that burn.
That one weak spot in my whole form
Could not endure that fearful storm.

"That awful hour I can't forget,
The sorrow and my vain regret.
I knew it was a little thing
That caused the loss of everything.

"The ship and all on board were lost;
No one on earth could count the cost.
And all because of one mistake,
Just one wrong step that many make.

"There all along that rocky coast
The wreckage of our ship was tossed.
That grand old ship was soon bereft
Of everything—just driftwood left.

"And I've been tossed about since then,
Observing all the ways of men.
I've seen how weakened men have been
Because they yielded once to sin.

"I've longed to tell, and thereby make
The story of my life's mistake
A tale to help make better boys,
And help them find life's truest joys.

"I know it never pays to sin;
I know, friend, what I might have been.
Had I been true and strong and good
I never would have been driftwood.

"And now you've heard my tragic tale;
I ask that you will never fail
To tell your fellow men the truth
About the cost of sin to youth.

"Go forth and tell each girl and boy
Just what it takes to find real joy.
If they will do the things they should
They never will become driftwood!"

AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST

"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ."

2 Corinthians 5:20.

"Ambassadors for Christ!" O Lord, how can it be
That sinful, mortal men of clay dare go and speak for Thee?
How can our human hearts that years of sin have stained
With poisons from the serpent's sting be ever drained?
How can our tongues, that shot the viper's venom far,
Be used to bless the world and no more mar?

"Ambassadors for Christ!" O Lord, and can it be
That eyes so full of sin can ever see but Thee?
How can minds, filled with photographs of sin for years,
Erase from mem'ry's halls those imprints with mere tears?
How can words, long the vehicle of sinful thought,
Now paint the sacred pictures that new sight has caught?

"Ambassadors for Christ!" O Lord, if this can be,
Then do Thy wondrous work that we may speak for Thee.
Take Thou our mortal minds and wash with blood, not tears,
Those sinful, sad impressions of those careless years.
Take Thou our sinful hearts and make them, Lord, like
Thine;
For only as our hearts are pure can our words be divine.



A PRAYER

In this most solemn testing hour
We plead for pardon, peace, and power;
For faith and grace and charity
To give us final victory.

ANGELS OF MERCY

There's a story being written which I'd like to tell to you,
It's the story of our nurses and the work they're called to do.
It's a tale of loving service that is mighty hard to beat,
It's a tale of human kindness full of perfume pure and sweet.

It's a tale of self-forgetfulness while doing menial tasks,
It's a tale of strenuous labor doing all the doctor asks.
It's a tale of real endurance and of patience hard to find,
It's a gladsome tale of cheerfulness they shower on mankind.

It's no wonder that the patient's heart revives with hope
once more
Whene'er he hears the nurse's gentle rap upon his door,
For it means a burst of sunshine when the nurse begins
to smile.
And I've found that even "specials" in the night smile all
the while.

But it is not merely smiles that make their service so
complete,
But it's how they do a thousand things to try and keep
you sweet.
For they keep hot water to your feet and ice bags to your
heart.
And the way they smooth your pillow is indeed a nurse's
art.

And they feed you and they bathe you with a skill that's
all their own,

And whene'er your pain is hardest you can almost hear
 them groan.
It's this element of sympathy combined with patient skill
That endears you to your nurses, and through life you love
 them still.

But a nurse's lot's not easy, and it takes a heap of grit
Just to work and smile day after day and never want to
 quit.
May God bless these loyal workers as they toil through
 busy days.
They're our earthly white-robed angels, and I'm glad to
 sing their praise!



A PREACHER'S PRAYER

O Lord, I lift my sin-stained eyes
 Away from earth to Thee;
I visualize Thy sacrifice
 Upon the cruel tree.

Lord, help me give and live like Thee;
 Teach me to sacrifice,
And may no act of mine e'er be
 The cause of tear-dimmed eyes.

Lord, help me live Thy life divine,
 And with sin share no part;
And may no unkind word of mine
 Add grief to any heart.

Lord, help me give an offering
Of service pure and sweet;
And may each gift of love I bring,
Be blessed and made complete.

Lord, help me keep Thy perfect laws,
And Thy sweet will obey;
And may no deed of mine e'er cause
A brother's feet to stray.



A SUNRISE INSPIRATION

Behold, in yonder eastern skies
I see the morning sun arise,
Inspiring renewed enterprise.
O soul, receive the precious light.

Another newborn day is here,
And visions of new tasks appear.
O blessed Christ, draw very near
And bring me new supplies of grace.

Before me is an untrod way,
And, lest my feet should go astray,
I lift my heart to Thee and pray,
"Lead Thou my feet each step today."

Too soon the evening hour will come.
O may the setting of the sun
Find all the daily tasks well done,
And bring me sacred sleep tonight.

BARRENNESS

Men without Jesus,
Lives without gain.
Wells without water,
Clouds without rain.

Grain without harvest,
Trees without root.
Flowers without fragrance,
Vines without fruit.

Stars without purpose,
Lamps without light.
Salt without savor,
Eyes without sight.

Ships without rudder,
Filth without soap.
Sheep without shepherd,
Hearts without hope.



MOTIVATION

“What have we here?” I asked a working man
Who paused to to look at me, then eyed the clock.
“Oh, I don’t know, I never saw the plan.
I only know I’m tired of breaking rock.”
That is drudgery!

I asked a second man why he was there.
He glanced at me and said, beneath his breath,
"I need the money; do you think I'd dare
To quit and let my children starve to death?"
That is necessity!

I saw a third man separate from the rest,
And asked, "What are you doing with that hod?"
He pointed skyward as he said with zest,
"I'm building, sir, a temple for my God."
That is privilege!



A LOST COIN

I lost a dime in church one day
Just when they passed the plate.
And half the members looked my way,
And after church stayed late
To help me find that wandering dime.
They'll search for money any time.

They got down on their hands and knees
And looked 'most everywhere
And everyone forgot his ease,
And each one seemed to care.
They worked so hard to find that dime,
Then said they had a glorious time.

But from that selfsame church that day,
Where we had sought that dime,
A careless lad had gone astray,
To walk a path of crime.
How many found the time or joy
To help to find that wandering boy?



BLESS THE LORD

O my soul, bless thou the Lord;
Tune the harp strings of thy heart;
Praise His name, proclaim His word,
Tell what love He doth impart.

O my soul, bless thou the Lord;
Be more mindful of His grace;
Praise the Christ whose precious blood
Purged thy sins, redeemed thy race.

O my soul, bless thou the Lord;
Shout aloud His pow'r to save,
Heal disease, thy fears retard;
Soul, He saved thee from the grave!

O my soul, bless thou the Lord;
Higher note thou still canst sing;
Christ is coming with reward;
O my soul, greet thou thy King.

CHRIST'S "OTHER SHEEP"

"Other sheep I have: . . . them also I must bring." John 10:16.

Out in the wilds of Burma,
Lost in the jungles deep,
Weary and bruised and bleeding,
Wander Christ's "other sheep."

Over the hills of India,
Where the child widows weep,
Fifty-odd million outcastes—
These are Christ's "other sheep."

On battlefields of China,
They're dying in a heap;
Five hundred million Chinese,—
All are Christ's "other sheep."

Out on Mongolian grasslands
Morals they do not keep;
Ninety per cent are suffering—
Lost, diseased "other sheep."

All round the world they wander;
O, how the angels must weep!
Friend, can't you hear Jesus saying,
"Go, save My 'other sheep'!"



THE SECOND MILE

We do work well and toil awhile,
As *duty* makes us do so dutifully.
'Tis *love* that goes the second mile,
And helps us do things beautifully.

CHRIST WITHIN

"Christ in you, the hope of glory." Colossians 1:27.

Christ lives within—O blissful theme,
Fulfillment of my fondest dream.
The Christ who stilled the stormy sea
Has come to make His home with me.

He brings relief from anxious care;
He brings sweet fellowship in prayer;
He brings me comfort for my woe,
And grace to help where'er I go.

He brings His patience, peace, and power
To keep me through each trying hour.
Christ comes to live His life within,
With victory over every sin.

O church of Christ, with hope like this,
How can we ask for greater bliss?
To keep us midst earth's busy mart,
Bid Christ abide within the heart.



AROUSING FROM YOUTH'S DREAMS

The flowers of spring, though beautiful and rare,
When autumn comes must fade, however fair.
The youth who wastes his strength and precious years,
When old age comes will grieve with bitter tears.

COMMENCEMENT HOUR

O God of might, before Thy Throne of power
We must accept the challenge of this hour
To uplift Christ before the world of men,
And let them see the living Christ again.

O God of light, within Thy radiant beams
We see new visions and we dream new dreams.
While Christ is sitting for His portrait in our sight,
Correct our focus and adjust the light.

O God of right, before Thy throne of grace
We clearly see our mission to our race.
As living portraits of the Christ of power,
We now accept the challenge of the hour.



FIND THE MASTER IN THE MORNING

Find the Master in the morning,
Ere you start upon your way;
Find the Master in the morning,
And He'll walk with you all day.

Find the Master in the morning
As you walk along life's road;
Find the Master in the morning,
And He'll share with you life's load.

Find the Master in the morning,
No matter where you roam;
Find the Master ev'ry morning
And He'll bring you safely home.

GETHSEMANE

Blest is the man who walketh not
With the mob outside on their cruel death plot.

Blest is the man who sits not down
With the eight inside seeking selfish crown.

Blest is he, too, who does not sleep
With the careless three—while the angels weep.

Thrice blest is the man who will watch with Me
Alone—alone in Gethsemane.



FORGIVENESS

Forgiveness is the perfume, pure and sweet,
Which roses give to bless the careless feet
Which crush them.

O God, help me, like Christ, thus bear my loss,
And bless the ones that crush me on a cross.

Love-flushed gem—

Forgiveness!



FORWARD

“Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.”
Exodus 14:15.

“Go forward, ever forward,” comes the clarion call of God;
So Christian soldiers dare not sound retreat;
And though there’s ceaseless fighting, we march onward
o’er earth’s sod,
Assured that we need never face defeat.

Remember, Israel's hosts once stood before the foaming tide,
With Pharaoh's warring legions at their rear;
They could not flee, for mighty mountains rose on either
side,

And every heart was filled with haunting fear.
The timid people said, "Go back; to slavery we'll return!"
In desperation Moses cried, "Stand still!"
'Twas then God's message came, "Go forward!" They
obeyed — to learn

The mighty power of God and His sweet will.
They found that God was leading as they hearkened to His
voice,

And all of Israel crossed the sea dry-shod;
And safe at last on Canaan's shore the people did rejoice;
They sang the victor's song and worshiped God.

All this was written for our learning in these latter days
When fearfulness may urge, "Return to sin."
Complacency suggests, "Stand still," and hopes that waiting
pays;

But faith cries out, "Go forward, and you'll win!"
How many folk surrender when they face life's grueling
fight,

While others wait and hope to stand the test;
But military strategists confirm God's plan was right—
Offensive, not defensive, war is best.

Yes, "Forward, ever forward," comes the clear, divine
command;

So Christian soldiers dare not sound retreat;
In each triumphant battle we press toward our promised
land,

Assured that we need never taste defeat.

"GIVE ME THINE HEART"

I bid you hear the voice of God
 Today before we part;
 Here, where your feet have often trod,
 He says, "Give Me thine heart."

'Tis not alone the head He asks,
 Merely to hear His voice;
 He wants each heart to share His tasks,
 He wants all to rejoice.

He wants our wills to choose but Him;
 Our lives He'll richly bless,
 And sanctify each hand and limb
 With holy usefulness.

Would God have made a single star
 To grace the sky with light
 Had He not seen its light from far
 Would guide someone at night?

If there's a tree, God wants that tree;
 He wants each lovely flower;
 And He desires each bird and bee
 Shall demonstrate His power.

Since all on earth that breathe the air
 Should help to sing His praise,
 He wants our hearts and talents rare
 To use through all our days.

Don't wait to yield your hearts to Him
 Till you are old and gray,
 Until with feeble hand and limb
 Your life's debt try to pay.

That's something I can't comprehend,
Men give God withered flesh;
When we bring flowers to any friend,
We give them while they're fresh.

Friends, come today, O come in truth,
Kneel o'er this sacred sod;
Come in the freshness of your youth,
And give your heart to God.



GOD IN NATURE

There's a sermon in the lily;
There's a message in the brook.
There's a discourse in the sunset,
Though man's too blind to look.

Too blind to see the diamonds
Studding coronets of night;
Too blind to see the pearls of dawn,
The mint of morning light.

Too blind to see the heaven
In the laugh of baby's eyes;
Too blind to see religion
In the rainbow of the skies.

DO YOU CARE?

Our God looks down from heaven
On men who onward plod
To see if any have the sense
To think or care for God.



LITTLE GIFTS

"It is the motive that gives character to our acts, stamping them with ignominy or with high moral worth. . . . The little duties cheerfully done, the *little gifts* which make no show, and which to human eyes may appear worthless, often stand highest in His sight."—*The Desire of Ages*, page 615.

My friend, make the most of your best for God,
Wherever you dwell on this earthly sod.
Go serve thy God and go to any length,
For right he was who said, "If I have strength,
I owe the world the service of the strong;
If music, then I owe the world a song."
So we must use our talents and our time,
And render God a service most sublime.

First, fortify thy faith; look up at night,
And view the million twinkling stars of light;
They teach the world of men this truth divine—
That God still lives because the stars still shine.
So consecrate your talents—play your part—
And do whate'er you can with all your heart.
If you have hands, then use them all the day
To render helpful service on the way.

If you have feet, then on God's errands run,
And serve until God's work on earth is done.
Use thou thy tongue to speak the cheerful word,
And tell the sweetest news the world has heard.
And keep alert for tasks that you can do,
And as you serve, be faithful, kind, and true.
Your little deed of love may be the thing
To lead some soul to serve your Lord and King.

Go! Make thy contribution to the race;
And count not any gift as commonplace!



HAPPY NEW YEAR

The merry bells ring out the old and ring the new year in;
This is the cheery season when the whole world feels akin.
It seems on New Year's morning all mankind meets face to
face,
And all men stand together as they start the new year's race.

Another annual record book God gives, each New Year's
Day,
The record for another year. What will the record say?
For ev'ry day a spotless page, O take punctilious pains,
To fill each day with deeds of love, and mar it not with
stains.

And if the old year's record book is marred with any sin,
Let us seek God's forgiveness e'er the new year's ushered in.
Let's start the new year right, my friend, and keep it right,
right through.
The royal way each happy day—do what you ought to do!

HOPE

As long, my friend, as you can gaze
 With glad and hopeful eyes
 Into the vast unknown of future days
 And see green hills, bright skies,
 You are not old; you are still young!

But if, my friend, you find you look
 Ahead with fear and dread,
 And backward look to read life's written book—
 The past that's dead,
 You now are old; your song is sung.



KNOCKING

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock;"
 I've been here oft before
 Arise, My child, unlatch the lock,
 And open up the door.

At every sunrise here I stand,
 Still knocking on your heart.
 O could you only understand
 How loath I am to part!

I've come to bring a blessing sweet,
 The oil of joy to pour;
 If you desire My peace complete,
 Then open up the door.

I've come to lead you forth with power;
O hear Me, I implore.
Accept the challenge of this hour
And open up the door!



IN THE MOUNT WITH GOD

High on the mountain grand,
Fairest in all the land,
There's where I saw God stand
In glorious splendor.

There with my vision clear
I saw Him drawing near,
Then heard with mine own ear
His voice so tender.

"O bring Me men," said He,
"To match these hills you see;
Then we can set earth free—
Man's highest goal."

Gladly did I resign
This stubborn will of mine,
Then felt His peace divine
Filling my soul.



LEAVES ONLY

The Master came with hope unto a tree;
The Master came for fruit. What did He see?
Leaves only!

The Master came, and hungered on the way;
The Master came to find, that fateful day,
Leaves only!

The Master came with pangs of yearning torn;
The Master came to find, that tragic morn,
Leaves only!

The Master came for fruit He knew should grow;
The Master came to find the tree could show
Leaves only!

When Jesus comes to my pretentious tree,
When Jesus comes, will He in sorrow see
Leaves only?



LET US NOW GO TO BETHLEHEM

"Let us now go to Bethlehem,"
The shepherds said that night.
"Since angels sang of peace on earth,
Let's see this wondrous sight."

"Let us now go to Bethlehem,"
The Wise Men said of old.
They went and found the newborn King,
And gave Him gifts of gold.

"Let us now go to Bethlehem,"
Is what the world should say.
For man has gone to other towns;
But, really, did it pay?

Men went to London, to New York,
The capitals of wealth.
While seeking gold they lost their peace,
And many lost their health.

Some ladies went to gay "Paree"
For fashions, style, and art,
But found its sweetened poisons
Killed their peace of mind and heart.

The world has gone to Hollywood,
To walk in its bright light;
But one by one those "stars" pass on,
Or fade out in the night.

Our students flocked to Germany
For scientific power;
Its pagan rule that "might makes right"—
Alas! this harvest hour!

Then some went down to Washington—
"Diplomacy would win."
Disarmament became the cry,
But men were steeped in sin!

Some said, "Let's go to Munich,
Let's try appeasement now."
But Hitler thought the whole wide world
Before his feet should bow.

And so we find our human race
Has searched the world around.
We've followed other "stars and ways,"
But peace we have not found.

Let us now go to Bethlehem,
Let earth's mad wandering cease,
Walk in the light of God's bright star,
And find the Prince of Peace.



KINDNESS

Is "soil erosion" the problem of the hour?
No! "soul erosion"—our lack of godly power.
Earth's poorest man is one who's lost the grace
To sympathize with others of his race.

Alas! true kindness is as rare, it seems,
As radium in this world of selfish schemes.
And yet its virtues, if applied with art,
Would heal the wounds of this world's broken
heart.



GOD'S LAYMEN

O laymen of the church of God,
Arise with all your latent power;
This is your day, now grasp your rod;
The clock of time has struck your hour!

God's work on earth will never close
Until this challenge you can see;
You are the ones the Master chose—
You are God's men of destiny!

I'M THANKFUL

I'm thankful, Lord, for everything
That makes our lives worth while,
For flowers of spring, for birds that sing,
And for the power to smile.

I'm thankful for the things that grow—
The trees, the fruit, the grain;
For starlight glow, for flowers, I know
Will follow springtime's rain.

I'm glad for summer's sunny ray
That floods the earth with light
And drives away each cloudy day,
And fills us with delight.

I'm thankful for the harvesttime,
For food for which we pray.
My grateful rhyme for gifts sublime,
I bring Thanksgiving Day.



LOVE

Though I speak with the tongue of angel,
Though the gift of the prophet were mine,
I would sound like a loud, clanging cymbal;
I am nothing without love divine.

Though I give all my goods to the needy,
Though my body were burned for the race,
My gift would be hollow and empty
Without Jesus' love-inspired grace.

O what is this virtue called love, I pray,
That has such power to hallow deeds?
The holy dynamo of life, I'd say,
That satisfies our human needs.

'Tis love that prompts our sympathy,
With two hearts tugging at one load;
And love extends the helping hand
And shares the burdens of the road.



GREATNESS

The beginning of spiritual greatness
Is just to be little, they say.
The increase of spiritual greatness
Is just to become less each day.
The perfection of spiritual greatness—
Be nothing; let God have His way!



IMAGINATION

Imagination is a mystic link
In great constructive preaching;
Man's languid mind is led to think
By its creative teaching.

Its arrows speed to wake our souls
Where dormant powers lie sleeping.
It thrills our eyes with higher goals
And sets our spirits leaping.

Good stories, music, verse, and art—
 Each is a mighty lever
 To move man's moody mind and heart
 To worship God forever.



MORE "SIGNS" MORE SOULS

Wherever you go,
 From here to the poles,
 Statistics will show
 More *Signs* means more souls.

Men reap as they sow;
 This is in their controls;
 Each harvest will show
 More *Signs* means more souls.

Raise higher your sight;
 Set higher your goals.
 Soon cometh the night—
 More *Signs* means more souls.

I'm sure when we view
 The heavenly scrolls,
 We'll find this was true—
 More "*Signs*" meant more souls!



MOTHER IS GROWING GRAY

The days are flying by too fast;
 So on this Mother's Day
 Turn back the pages of the past,
 For mother's growing gray.

Turn back the pages of the past
 And be her child today.
 Relive your lives while your lives last,
 For mother's growing gray.

Turn back the pages of the past
 And make her glad today.
 Your chances will not always last,
 For mother's growing gray.



MY MORNING SUPPLICATION

God, give me strength to live another day,
 Lest recreant to life's duties I might be,
 Or lose my faith in others in the way,
 Or coward turn from problems that I see.

And keep me pure and sweet and sound of heart,
 In spite of treachery or bitter stings;
 And give me courage from the world to part,
 And wings to hasten toward eternal things.

O help me be so honest and so clean,
 My heart a mirror of the Lord can be;
 And thus reflect Christ's spirit so serene,
 The peace and calmness of the deepest sea.

Lord, let no outward failure, inward doubt,
 Dissolve to ashes my soul's altar fire;
 I know I need but little from without,
 For Thou within art all that I require.

God, keep me free from bustle's needless noise,
And make me kind and never sharp or rude;
And midst the crowd give me Thy perfect poise,
The sweet serenity of solitude.

God, grant my eyes new visions of the truth;
Fill me with grace and vibrant power, I pray;
I consecrate my talents and my youth;
Make me a cup of strength to men today.



MORNING MANNA

O child of God, awake and see the radiant dawn of day;
The rising sun bids thee arise to meditate and pray.
Arise and breathe the redolence of fragrant dew-kissed
flowers,
And gather morning manna in the early morning hours.

All nature is responsive to God's summons to arise;
Ten thousand happy voices raise a chorus to the skies.
The busy bee is searching for its honey from the flowers;
Search thus for "hidden manna" in the early morning hours.

There's sweetness in the Lily, in the Rose of Sharon, too.
The Bible's leaves are petals, you may search them through
and through.
If you "hunger" for this nectar you will search in every
flower,
And you'll find the manna sweeter in the early morning
hour.

MOTHER LOVE

Should mortal words attempt to paint
The picture of that patient saint?
Could any words, in prose or rhyme,
Describe you mother's love sublime?

Ah, mother love! How strong! How true!
As old as man, yet ever new.
True mother love is strong as death,
Yet gentle as a baby's breath.

'Twas mother love first smiled at me
While I was still too young to see.
'Twas mother love that gave me drink
Before I knew enough to think.

'Twas mother taught me how to walk;
'Twas mother taught me how to talk;
'Twas mother taught me how to pray,
And how I ought to live each day.

'Twas mother helped me go to school;
From her I learned the golden rule;
And mother's love has followed me
Around the world, far o'er the sea.

Today on this side of the earth
I pause to celebrate my birth,
But not a word for self I'd say,
'Tis mother love I'd praise today.

NEARING HOME

We are nearing home, and my heart is glad;
With a hope so sweet can I e'er be sad?
We are nearing home where my Saviour waits
To welcome me in through the pearly gates.

We are nearing home! O the thought is sweet.
We shall cast our crowns at the Saviour's feet.
We are nearing home; yet there's work to do,
So haste we must till the task is through.

We are nearing home, O assuage thy fears,
Christ will welcome us, He will dry our tears.
We are nearing home, nevermore to weep,
For the blind shall see and the lame shall leap.

We are nearing home; for the Saviour said
That familiar landmarks would loom ahead.
We are nearing home, and we see each sign
With a joy serene and a hope divine.

We are nearing home with the long road past,
Where we'll find sweet peace and shall rest at last.
We are nearing home, where rewards are given.
We shall shout for joy in our home in heaven!



AUTUMN

We all say how rare are the fair flowers of spring,
With their beautiful, delicate shades;
Yet who heeds the message of fall winds that sting,
When the once lovely flower fast fades?

The powers of youth's springtime are hard to define;
 But if squandered and wasted in "fun,"
 Then alone in the autumn of life we'll repine,
 And grieve o'er a life chance that's gone.



NO BEAUTY APART FROM GOD

Who is not charmed by the gorgeous rose
 And a million flowers as each one grows?
 Along life's pathway they smile and nod,
 But—they have no beauty apart from God.

The rainbow's beauty comes first, some rate,
 Or, sunset over the Golden Gate.
 Some say a sunrise o'er old Cape Cod,
 But—these have no beauty apart from God.

The luscious apple, the lovely pear,
 The fragrant peaches and oranges fair,—
 A thousand fruits grow from earth's rich sod,
 But—they have no beauty apart from God.

Ah! only man has the power to frown,
 To forget his glory and look cast down;
 Yet men can smile as they onward plod,
 But—there is no beauty apart from God!



MARY'S BOX OF ALABASTER

She owned a box of alabaster,
 Reserved upon a secret shelf;
 But she had learned to call Christ, Master,
 How could she keep it for herself?

She brought her box of alabaster,
All filled with precious spikenard rare,
And all her love flowed fuller, faster,
Bowing before her Saviour there.

She broke her box of alabaster.
Behold how love and worship meet!
Her gift of love was richer, vaster,
When poured upon her Saviour's feet.

Have you a box of alabaster,
Reserved upon some secret shelf?
O bring your gift to Christ, your Master.
How can you keep it for yourself?



"NO ROOM FOR THEM"

"Laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in
the inn." Luke 2:7.

No room for them in Bethlehem.
Each busy man had his own plan.
The crowded mart absorbed his heart,
His time, his thought, with business fraught.
Room for the guests with their requests,
Room for his own and all those known,
Room for each friend, and time to lend
A welcome ear to loved ones dear;
But strangers? "Oh, we're crowded so!
No room tonight."

No room for them in Bethlehem.
 No time to see or hear their plea,
 No time to heed their human need.
 So o'er and o'er from door to door,
 Poor Joseph heard that tragic word,
 "No room tonight."

No room for them in Bethlehem.
 But now once more at the last door
 They stood to plead their desperate need.
 Again they heard that fateful word,
 "No room within our crowded inn,—
 No room tonight."

No room for them in Bethlehem.
 Then in their plight into the night,
 With heavy heart, they did depart
 From their own kind. A place they'd find
 Among the herds, where unkind words
 Would never fall from manger stall
 To mar the birth upon the earth
 Of God's dear Child, so meek and mild.
 Then in the morn the Babe was born,
 And in the hay the Saviour lay.

No room for them in Bethlehem!
 Each crowded inn had room for sin;
 For God of light, no room that night!
 Beneath barn door, God stooped of yore,
 And shepherds came to praise His name.

EPilogue:

And thus it seems to ever be Christ's plan—
 To turn, in sorrow, from each selfish man,
 To turn, when spurned from proud man's busy mart
 To enter the low lintel of the humble heart.

O CHURCH OF CHRIST, ARISE!

O church of Christ, awake!
Arise and work and pray!
Thy worldliness forsake;
Yield God thy heart today!

Canst thou with tearless eyes
Regard earth's moral night?
Go forth! Evangelize!
And battle for the right!

O church of Christ, arise!
How long must Jesus wait?
Cut all thine earthly ties,
For time is growing late.

O church of Christ, arise!
Accept His proffered power.
Behold earth's low'ring skies,
And know this is thy hour!



LORD, TEACH US TO PRAY

O Lord, Thy model life of prayer
Rebukes our sin of lethargy.
No sins like ours, or hasty error,
Forced Thee to bend a stubborn knee;
But ever strong, thou lov'd'st to share
Thy heart with poor humanity.

O Lord, how can it longer be
 That we, who ought to know
 The precious price of liberty,
 Still feel no mighty urge to go
 And set earth's countless captives free
 From bondage in this world of woe?

O Lord, how can it really be
 That we're content to live along
 And yet we cannot seem to see
 Our fault—the universal wrong,
 The sorry human tragedy
 Of weakness, when we should be strong?

O Lord, cause us to see and heed
 The world's mad avalanche of sin,
 The church's sad and trenchant need,
 And our heart's foes without, within.
 All these combine to make us plead,
 Lord, teach us how to pray and—win!



ON THE HILLS

The burdens of life that crushed me
 And bent my back as I trod,
 I lost them all this morning
 Out on the hills with God.

A love for His world He gave me,
 A love for the men who plod.
 I found them both this morning
 Out on the hills with God.

OUR HOUR

The final scenes on the stage are set;
The time and the task and the men have met!
The world at its worst needs the church at its best;
We're called for this hour—shall we stand the test?



THE CALL TO SERVICE

The call to Christian service
Is a call from God above.
He sends us forth to serve a world,
And save that world through love.
He calls for you, He calls for me;
'Tis God's own voice that says, "Go ye."

The call to Christian service
Is a call from men without.
"Come o'er to Macedonia"—
Can you hear their dying shout?
They cry to you, they cry to me.
Let's go while still they plead, "Come ye."

The call to Christian service,
Is a call we hear within.
Our own hearts seem to whisper,
"Go and save this world from sin."
May your sincere response now be,
"I'm wholly Thine, Lord, please send me."

PORTRAIT OF SINNER OR SAINT

The Bible paints man at his worst.
The sternest painter nature knows
Portrays the world that sin has cursed,
Reveals the thorn beside the rose.

Some critics claim the Book's unkind
To paint man in so dark a hue;
But here's the point to keep in mind:
Not, is it dark, but is it true?

God's Book shows more than shadows dim,
With man sunk deep in sin's dark night.
It paints a brighter scene of him
Redeemed, and walking paths of light.



THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

"All sunshine makes the desert," so
Rejoice as storms arise,
While God prepares the rains to grow
The flowers of paradise.

As o'er the desert of your soul
The storm clouds sweep the blue
And fearful thunderclaps unroll,
Await God's plans for you.

Though darkness covers plain and hill,
Trust God in your distress,
And from black clouds let faith distill
The showers of happiness.

When storms of life bring grief and pain,
Look up with hope sublime.
Can you expect the latter rain
With sunshine all the time?

Some flowers require the shadows deep
To yield their fragrance rare.
Some graces grow best when we weep
Or pause in patient prayer.

Whatever comes, let nought beguile;
Your faith must banish fears.
The sunshine of your trustful smile
Paints rainbows in your tears.

"All sunshine makes the desert," so
Rejoice when rain appears;
The garden of your soul will show
The harvest of the years.



THE MIND—MAN'S EMPIRE

"My mind to me a kingdom is,"
An ancient poet wisely wrote.
The peace within that realm of his
Reveals a secret we should note.

He said he sought a conscience clear,
And perfect peace and joy he found.
He ruled his realm without a fear;
His mind with good things did abound.

So few on earth have learned this truth
And seek for joys outside the mind;
They spend their entire lives, forsooth,
In search of joys they never find.

If you would have pure happiness
And be at peace with God and man,
You'll find such peace and sure success
If you will follow Heaven's plan.

God gives each soul an empire grand
And bids him rule as potentate,
And lays within his eager hand
The secret keys to every gate.

Alas, how few men use those keys,
So leave their minds locked up within;
And all their lives they seek to please
Their bodies, that are serving sin.

And thus they lose their right to rule.
They leave the throne without a king,
Despise a crown and, like the fool,
Are slaves to every trivial thing.

O foolish man, hark to God's voice,
Thy servitude to sin must cease.
Unlock thy treasure house of choice;
God's precious keys will bring release.

Your mind,—an empire grand and great,—
The wonders of that world explore;
You own the keys to every gate.
Your choice—the key to every door.

THE BLESSING OF FRIENDSHIP

We spend all our lives in a search for our friends,
A search that is sweet, but a search that ne'er ends;
For friends are so precious we always want more,
And treasure each friend as a miner his ore.
The debt that we owe them we ne'er can atone,
For we are a part of each friend we have known.
A true friend inspires us and cheers us along
Like beautiful strains of a wonderful song.
He knows how to speak to our hearts when we're sad;
The sound of his voice makes us cheerful and glad.
He speaks in a language that we understand;
We thrill to the touch of his soft, kindly hand.
He lifts us above disappointments of earth,
And points us to values of infinite worth.
He helps us forget all our sin wounds that mar,
And guides us to God like a beckoning star.
He loves us in spite of our faults that he sees,
And freshens our lives like a cool summer breeze.
He charms like a beautiful story well told,
Enriches our lives more than mountains of gold.
He haunts us like mem'ries of mother, so dear,
And helps us see rainbows in each falling tear.
The blessings of friendship—exhaustless the theme;
For friends sweeten life like a beautiful dream.
They lead us toward heaven as onward we plod,
For every true friend is a new glimpse of God.

PLANTING A TREE

What do you plant when you plant a tree?
 Why, you plant a ship to sail the sea.
 Yes, you plant a ship when you plant a tree.

What do you plant when you plant a tree?
 Why, you plant a house for you and me.
 Yes, you plant a house when you plant a tree.

What do you plant when you plant a tree?
 Why, oranges, pears, and the fruit we see.
 That's what you plant when you plant a tree.

'Tis a wonderful thing to plant a tree;
 You're planting the life of humanity:
 Houses to live in and ships to sail,
 Food to eat that our strength ne'er fail,
 Herbs to take should we e'er get sick,
 Beautiful flowers for us to pick.
 'Tis a wonderful thing to plant a tree;
 You're planting the life of humanity.



NEW LIFE IN DEATH VALLEY

A short time ago
 Death Valley did glow
 With miracles fragrant and fair.
 The rain fell for days,
 And men's hearts filled with praise
 As beauty bloomed forth everywhere.

As long as men knew,
Such flowers never grew
From out of that dry desert ground.
Then botanists came
To count and proclaim
That thirty-five new flowers were found.

For years o'er that land
In that hot desert sand
Those seeds had seemed silent and seared;
Then a kind, thoughtful God
Kissed that dry desert sod,
And a Garden of Eden appeared.

Can it be that good seed
May be buried indeed
In the desert of your heart and mine,
Just awaiting the hour
When a heavenly shower
Will call forth a new life divine?



THE PASTORAL WATCHMAN

The pastor is a watchman of his sheep;
His home by day and night is in a tower;
His eyes and ears a ceaseless vigil keep,
As faithfully he watches hour by hour.

A watchman must have knowledge of the times;
Discerning eyes must pierce the darkness through;
For he must be the first to see the signs
And tell all Israel what they ought to do.

A watchman watches for the wolves of prey
That would relentlessly devour the flock,
And guides the sheep to pastures green by day—
By night, the safety of a shelt'ring rock.

A watchman watches o'er his precious sheep,
For he must give account of ev'ry one;
And for each straying lamb we see him weep.
Not till each sheep is safe is his work done.

A watchman watching for the dawn of day
First sees the coming storm's impending doom;
But he must be as quick to shout and say
The cheering news of light dispelling gloom.

The watchman watches for the coming King;
Anointed eyes will see the dawn of day;
Anointed lips will make the message ring;
Anointed ears will hear what angels say.



POWER

One drop of ink
From press or pen
Can make a million manly men
Stop, look—and *think!*



PERSEVERANCE

Who wins the race and gets the cheers,
And earns the silver cup?
It is the man who perseveres
When all the rest give up!

THE RAINDROP

I dipped my pen in a raindrop,
In the midst of a passing shower.
The mystic spell of the raindrop
Refreshed every wayside flower.

How weird this power of a raindrop,
Refreshing all earth and men.
I felt the thrill of the raindrop—
It surged through the tip of my pen.

This magic charm of the raindrop,
Soon softened the earth's hard sod,
And made men stop in the field and shop
To give glad thanks to their God.



WORDS

Words are the vehicles of thought,
The magic means by which we're taught.
They are the messengers that tell
The way to heaven, the way to hell.

Words have a wondrous winning way,
Whene'er we know just what to say;
But when we fail to choose them right,
They change our day to darkest night.

Words soothe our souls, words rouse our fears,
Words touch our hearts, words bring the tears.
Words build us up, words tear us down,
Words make us smile, words make us frown.

Words bring us hope, words bring despair,
Words make us hate, words make us care.
Words make us meek, words stir up pride,
Words prove us true, words prove we've lied.

Words make us good, words make us bad,
Words make us weep, words make us glad.
We bless or curse by what we say.
God, teach us how to talk, I pray.

Teach us wise words; teach us their power;
Teach us to use them hour by hour
In such a way that we can know
We'll bless the world, where'er we go!

At last, in God's great judgment tried,
By words condemned or justified!
Since by our words we're saved or lost,
Before we speak, let's count the cost.



WINDOWS

I thank Thee, God, for windows,
Those cheery eyes of light,
Through which the welcome sunshine
Dispels the shades of night.

But there's a higher function
Of windows made for me;
They not only let in sunshine,
They're things through which I see.

I once gazed through a window
Of a cabin by the sea;
That night I saw my dream ship
Come sailing in for me.

So now I keep my windows
Wide open day and night.
I watch my Pilot sailing,
Amid the stars of light,

And through my open windows
Majestic movements trace;
And when the night is darkest,
Sometimes I see His face.



THE PRICE WE PAY

Life's precious prizes are not cheap;
God has no bargain-counter store.
Earth's richest harvest you can't heap
In piles upon Time's threshing floor
Unless, in order thus to reap,
You work and sweat from ev'ry pore!

The soldier on the battlefield
Must leave his children, home, and wife,
And then, before the foe will yield
And crown him victor in the strife,
His tears and blood have stained his shield;
To win that war he gave his life.

So there's a price the Christian pays
 To gather all his harvest in.
 Saints sing a sweeter song of praise
 Each time they wage a war with sin.
 'Tis thus in all our earthly ways,
 We pay the price of war to win.



YOUTH DREAMS

I long for the spirit that Daniel possessed,
 The spirit of courage that ruled in his breast.
 Faith stirred him,
 Zeal spurred him,
 God heard him,
 It seems,
 And answered His servant through visions and dreams.

I long for the spirit that Joseph possessed.
 Though captive or captain, he stood every test.
 Hope cheered him,
 Love cleared him,
 Endearred him,
 It seems,
 To God in the heavens, who fulfilled his dreams.

This wonderful spirit may now be possessed
 By youth still responsive to Heaven's behest.
 God fires them,
 Desires them,
 Inspires them,—
 Grand theme,—
 For young men today will see visions—and dream.

STIR ME

Stir me, Lord, lest drowsy sleep
Deprive me of my power to weep,
And rob me of my will to keep
The charge of God.

Stir me, Lord; for I can feel
Sin's noxious fumes begin to steal
Into my life and make me reel
As on I trod.

Stir me, Lord; there's work to do,
And to this task I must be true.
I long to see the great task through.
I onward plod.

Stir me, Lord, with vision grand;
Stir me, Lord, so I may stand
Upon that blessed "Promised Land,"
On heaven's sod.



THE STAR OF HOPE

Keep your eye on the star
As you're trudging along,
Though the goal may seem far
'Mid this dark night of wrong.
Once a light from the star
Floods this sad heart of thine,
It will heal sorrow's scar,
For that light is divine.

So keep trudging along
 Though the goal may be far.
 Just keep singing a song
 With your eye on the star;
 For the darker the night
 In this mad world of war,
 The more we need light—
 Keep your eye on the star!



BURNING QUESTIONS

Page me a man of wisdom, my boy,
 I have some questions I want to ask:
 First, where do we find our greatest joy—
 In mighty jobs or some easy task?

Won't a challenge help quicken the blood stream?
 Won't a challenge help cleanse the veins?
 Won't a mighty task rouse a man from his dream
 And shake off sleep's shackles and chains?

Is there hope for a man without vision,
 Content to do less than his best?
 Can God crown a man with no mission?
 Will sluggards stand God's searching test?

O what will it take to set Christians on fire?
 And what will keep stirring each soul?
 Is it not that our eyes are lifted up higher,
 And we speed toward a worthier goal?

OUR FLAG

Red for the blood of our martyrs brave
Who loyally died in freedom's fight;
White for the light in the skies God gave
To guide our feet through the darkening night.
Blue for the truth for which we must stand.
Red, white, and blue—the flag of our land!



THE SONG OF THE TREE

I sing a song to the passing throng
In the sunset's afterglow,
In the day's mad rush, or the ev'ning hush,
And my song is sweet and low.

Men come to me over land and sea
And rest in my cooling shade;
And all mankind can always find
My silence a magic aid.

Men look up at me, and they seem to see
The source of the help they have sought.
They find sweet peace and they find release
From the burdens the day has brought.

It's sweet to be just a silent tree
And point to the God above,
Every leaf and flower, every passing hour,
Telling that God is love.

A LESSON FROM PALESTINE

In Palestine there are two famous seas,
 And nearly all will know the names of these.
 And yet I wonder if as many know
 That they are fed by Hermon's melting snow.
 The river Jordan bears upon its crest
 These liquid treasures as the mount's bequest.
 The water flowing into Galilee
 Is just the same as in the old Dead Sea;
 Yet one remains alive and sweet, 'tis said;
 The other one is brackish, foul, and dead.
 The one *receives* and *gives* from out its deeps;
 While one is DEAD, for it *receives* and *keeps*.

In all of nature as a general rule,
 We see how death will find the stagnant pool.
 And so it is with this poor heart of mine,
 God plans that I should share His gifts divine.
 And yet if I receive but will not give,
 I thus reject my only chance to live;
 For it's a law that what man gives, he reaps,
 His doom is sealed if he receives and keeps.
 Oh, let us learn this truth and truly live,
 For freely we've received, let's freely give!



MY CALVARY

O Lord, when I recall Thy cruel cross,
 I cannot longer mourn about my loss.
 How few my sorrows when compared to Thine!
 How slight the insult—small this cross of mine!

I've never been forsaken by my friends,
Nor cursed, nor sold for purely selfish ends.
I've worn no crown of thorns upon my head
Nor prayed for those *by whom, for whom*, I've bled.

Misunderstood perhaps I've been at times,
But—unlike Thee—I've not been free from crimes.
I'm pained when I recall Thy great heartaches;
I feel, somehow, You died for my mistakes.



LIKE HIM AND FOR HIM

Were you to paint the portrait
Of your ideal friend on earth,
If you include each virtue
And each quality of worth,
When you have drawn your picture,
I think that you will find
The character of Jesus Christ
The model for mankind.

For Jesus was so wonderful,
So good and just and true,
So meek, so kind, so faithful,
In all He had to do;
So pure and brave and noble,
His ways all lives inspire;
For Christ was the embodiment
Of all that we admire.

Since Jesus is our hero grand,
 Then why not live like Him?
 He's sitting for His portrait, friend,
 But are the lights too dim?
 Let's readjust our focus then,
 Upon His pure design;
 Beholding Jesus, we are changed
 To live His life divine.

There is no greater work on earth
 Than Christ's life to portray!
 Man has no bigger business,
 Than be Christ's protégé.
 Like Him and for Him, I repeat,
 Let this our motto be,
 Not only for a day or year,
 But for eternity!



THE MINISTER

"He stood between the dead and the living; and the plague was stayed." Numbers 16:48.

O Lord, I view our solemn task with dread;
 Sin's awful plague, long since begun, has spread.
 We haste to stay the plague, in Christ's own stead,
 And stand between the living and the dead.

How many lie upon a dying bed,
 How many lives are hanging on a thread,
 For many now the hope of life has fled.
 We stand between the living and the dead.

Behold earth's sorrows—streams of tears are shed;
Behold earth's sins—men sick in heart and head;
Behold earth's wars, with rivers running red.
We stand between the living and the dead.

A race of men with sin's disease inbred,
Poor, struggling, straying souls who've been misled;
To ev'ry dying soul, Lord, we'd be led,
To stand between the living and the dead.

Earth's starving millions must be given bread;
Before they die these poor souls must be fed.
With holy awe Thy solemn charge we've read;
We stand between the living and the dead.



VISION

And has it really come to pass
That we must sadly say
Our human race has blinded been
By gilded gold's death ray?

Man lost his sense of vision,
And he lost his sense of touch,
Because he thought his faith in God
Did not amount to much.

He thought that he was clever
With his scientific tastes,
But now he wildly wanders
Midst materialistic wastes.

Too long he's watched his silver,
And too long he's gazed on gold;
True happiness has left his heart
Because it's icy cold.

He could not see the diamonds
On the blades of grass at morn;
He saw no gold agleaming
In the tassels of the corn.

He saw no silver lining
On the border of the cloud,
Yet thought that he was great enough
To lead the common crowd.

He does not know that man's best gift
Is his firm faith in God,
That only faith can lead our race
O'er ways that must be trod.

When faith is gone, we're shipwrecked
Out upon life's troubled sea;
A ship without an anchor
And as helpless as can be.

When blind men try to lead the blind,
There's danger just ahead;
They all will fall into a ditch.
Who'll save us when we're dead?

It's time we were rejecting
These materialistic fools;
These faithless, godless products
Of our modernistic schools.

It's time that we were finding joy
In living once again
A happy, hopeful Christian life
Amidst our fellow men.

And then with eyes anointed,
Once again our eyes could see
The hand of God in nature,
In the way He makes a tree.

We'd see His own handwriting
In the rainbow of the sky;
We'd read His message everywhere,
If we would pause and try.



DOWN FROM THE MOUNT

Down from the mountain came Moses,
Radiant with light and with grace;
So long had he stood in God's glory,
The people could not see his face.

Down from the mount came Elijah,
A mountain of vision and love;
So long had he lived in God's presence,
At last he was taken above.

Down from the mount came the Master,
Radiant with love and with power;
Down to the plains of the needy,
Braced for the tasks of each hour.

Down from the mount of God's presence,
 Down to the cross and its shame;
 Bringing His gifts of salvation
 To all who believe in His name.

Since Moses, Elijah, and Jesus
 Came down from the mountains of light,
 Oh, why shouldn't we climb the mountains
 Ablaze with God's glory and might?



A FIELD OF SUNFLOWERS

I passed a field of sunflowers
 Along my trail tonight,
 And in those evening hours
 They were a pleasant sight.

For every flower was bowing
 Toward yonder setting sun,
 In evening worship saying:
 "Good night, my day is done.

"I'll see you in the morning
 O'er in yon eastern skies."
 Oh, why can't men take warning,
 And thus yield God their eyes?

The sunflowers never wander,
 But watch the sun all hours.
 And now I sit and ponder,
 This lesson from the flowers.

WORKERS FOR CHRIST

Workers for Christ, 'tis earth's most solemn hour!
We need to feel His Spirit's mighty power.
We need to see anew how Jesus died;
We need to know why He was crucified.
We need to touch His wounded, bleeding side;
We need to feel that precious blood applied.
When we have caught a vision of Christ's cross,
We'll make no mention of our puny loss.
Then, when we've sought forgiveness once again,
We'll hasten out to save our fellow men.
The past's success or failure let's forget,
And praise God for the chances we have yet.

We have the keys that ope the gates of God;
How can we dare to hide them 'neath the sod?
How can we sit in church and sing that song
When we well know time cannot linger long?
How dare refuse at such a time to go
And tell the world what God has let us know?
Workers for Christ, 'tis earth's most solemn hour!
Let's seek the promised Pentecostal shower.
Then haste to do the work that must be done
Before the setting of yon sinking sun!



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

O mighty wall, grand guardian of the state,
Thy tow'ring majesty, although inanimate,
Yet speaks a language silent, eloquent,
Thou great and awe-inspiring monument.

Impressed I pause to listen as you speak,
Lifting thy voice aloft from every peak;
And every brick and stone, it seems to me,
Declares aloud thine ancient history.

'Twas here that many armies met their fate,
Grim reapers in the harvest fields of hate.
'Twas here, alas, their glittering daggers glowed,
And human blood in scarlet rivers flowed.

Man's mightiest move to counter alien hordes,
Ten myriad broken homes and severed cords—
How much of human sweat and bitter tears
Were shed in vain to quell men's haunting fears!

Within these massive walls still lie the bones
Of loyal men who died with bitter groans.
They fought and died to guard a pompous king;
Oh, look at war, the vain and hateful thing!

Whene'er I view these bloody bricks of clay
And try to count the cost men had to pay
To build these many thousand miles of wall,
I stand amazed before these ramparts tall.

Man's only monument on this old earth of scars
That might be seen, some say, from distant Mars!
Above these towers a flag I'd have unfurled—
The Chinese wall, the wonder of the world.



TOO BLIND TO SEE

If rainbows ne'er again should grace
The arch of yonder sky,

Could you describe a rainbow
To your grandchild, and not lie?

If all the stars that shone last night
Were ne'er again to shine,
Could you with rapture tell your child
They glowed with light divine?

If flowers were ne'er to bloom again,
Could you describe to me
The glorious beauty of a flower
You took no time to see?

There's a sermon in the lily;
There's a sermon in the brook;
There's a sermon in the sunset,
But man's too blind to look!

Too blind to see the diamonds
Studding coronets of night;
Too blind to see the pearls of dawn,
The mint of morning light.

Too blind to see the heaven
In the laugh of baby's eyes;
Too blind to see religion
In the rainbow of the skies.

Too blind to read the present-day
Handwriting on the wall;
Too blind to see the last-day signs
Hang o'er earth like a pall.

Too blind to see the lamp of life
 God hangs in earth's dark night;
 Too blind to read the word of God
 That leads to realms of light.



THE GREED FOR GOLD

"The love of money is the root of all evil." 1 Timothy 6:10.

An Oriental tale that's very old
 Tells of three men who found a bag of gold—
 Three hungry men along life's weary way,
 Who walked as friends until that fatal day.
 Said one: "I'll find a place where bread is sold,
 While you stay here and guard the bag of gold."

But as he walked to town the bread to buy,
 A thought was born which he would not let die.
 The thought was this: "I'll poison all their bread;
 Then when they've eaten, they will soon be dead.
 When they are dead, I'll seize the bag of gold—
 Enough to last me till I'm very old."

But those two men while gazing on that gold,
 Felt a strange power, and they their virtue sold.
 They'd kill their friend when he returned with bread,
 And they'd divide the gold when he was dead.
 And this they did. They killed their friend of old,
 Then ate that bread beside that bag of gold.

The two men died who ate that poisoned bread;
Beside that bag of gold three friends lay dead.
What price they paid to get that bag of gold:
Their virtue, friends, their very lives they sold.
With love for gold, man's righteousness departs;
Alas! the power of gold upon our hearts!



LOYALTY

Of all man's sterling virtues can it be
That there is one as grand as loyalty?
It is a gem of 'purest ray serene,'
Cheering the hearts of men wherever seen.
We see it in the mother as she tends her helpless child.
We see it in the soldier as he dies midst war shouts wild.
We see it in a servant who has served us many years.
We see it in a tried old friend who sweetens life with cheers.
We see it in the doctor as he feels that ebbing heart.
We see it in the teacher as she gives the child its start.
We see it in the preacher who will love you to the end;
And One once died upon a cross to prove Himself a friend.



THE PIONEERS

With eager faith and burning zeal and zest,
They turned their faces to the unknown West.
With grit and grace and dauntless courage, too,
They kept their course with purpose strong and true!
Through trust in God they stood each grueling test,
And carved the empire of the golden West.
On soil made sacred by their blood and tears,
We pay our tribute to the pioneers!

Section II

Sonnet Sermonets

DARTS OF TRUTH

I want to write some simple sermonets,
And focus rays of truth to points that burn.
A man who hears the message oft forgets,
But sharpened darts our human hearts can't spurn.
The merit of a sonnet sermonet,
Although it's only simple, homely verse,
Is forging points so sharp men can't forget,
By making vital truths concise and terse.
We all love honey, for it's good and sweet,
But all this sweetness comes from many flowers;
The busy bee, to make this royal treat,
Must concentrate that nectar many hours.
 Though honey's sweet, it's sticky and will cling;
 Like bees, good verse has honey and a sting!



FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE

Until the clouds are gone, we cannot see
The sun in glory shining overhead;
But faith holds out her helping hand to me,
And leads me through dark ways that I must tread.
Until earth's sounds are hushed, we cannot hear
The whispers low of God's still, silent voice;

But hope in mercy opes an inner ear,
And whispers words that make my heart rejoice.
Until the battle's won, I cannot claim
The crown of victory—blessed crown of life;
But love that conquers all through Jesus' name
Will give me power to triumph in earth's strife.
And now abideth faith and hope and love;
All three are leading me to God above.



FAITH IN GOD

Whoever has a living faith in God
Possesses that which most enriches life,—
The truest way that man has ever trod,
The surest way to conquer sin and strife.
To scorn such faith, 'twould be absurd—
The safest help that man has ever sought,
The sweetest news the sinner ever heard,
The grandest theme the thinker ever thought.
The finest faith and most majestic law,
Our greatest strength whatever work we do,
The purest vision dreamers ever saw,
The highest hope that mortals ever knew,
The deepest joys that man has ever had;—
O let these fruits of faith make others glad!



"I WILL COME AGAIN"

Of all our human phrases what more sweet,
Whene'er a loved one says, "Good-by," and then,

Because we're fearful we may never meet,
 He adds these words, "I'm coming back again"?
 How reassuring to the human heart,
 And how it helps us bear the hours of grief!
 And though we mourn because he did depart,
 Those hopeful words keep bringing us relief.
 These blessed words were words that Jesus said
 To help assuage the anguish of His men;
 And all who know His blood for them was shed,
 Rejoice to know He's coming back again.
 Ah! do we find our hearts with high hope burn,
 And hail with joy each sign of His return?



LIFE'S CHORAL HYMN

Our human life is like a choral song,
 The music broken here and there by "rests."
 Perchance we fear we've reached the end. We're wrong;
 God sends force-leisure, broken strings, as tests.
 When sickness makes us pause, another sings.
 We cease to swell the universal song.
 Our part is silent while we fix the strings.
 Although we stop, the music swings along.
 When God writes music, there is purpose grand,
 And man must study much to learn the tune.
 How many parts we fail to understand
 And fear each "rest" we've reached the end too soon.
 Fear not the "rests," but learn God's tune sublime.
 Look up, and God Himself will beat the time.

OBEDIENCE

Since Jesus died to save us from our sin,
And "sin is the transgression of the law,"
Open thy heart and hide His law within,
And separate from every single flaw.
'Twas sin alone that crucified our Lord;
Because of sin his Eden home man lost.
If men would only humbly hear God's word,
And stop before they sin and count the cost,
They'd ne'er again dare break that law of God,
Repeating earth's sad tale of misery,
Nor freshly ope the wounds of Christ and prod
Anew those precious wounds of Calvary!
 Resolve, my friend, whatever others say,
 That you will heed God's word, His law obey.



OUR HEAVENLY HOME

The sweetest word that lips can lisp is home.
Tears flow for mother's love and father's smile.
We cherish thoughts of home where'er we roam,
And long for grand reunions "afterwhile."
But not in mystic mansions in the skies
Where mere ethereal spirits idly roam,
But in the earth made new, where no one dies.
'Tis Paradise restored,—our Eden home,—
Where eyes long blind with rapturous wonder see,
Where ears long deaf angelic choirs shall hear,

Where lame legs leap o'er golden streets with glee,
And Christ Himself shall wipe away each tear!
The Bible says we'll "build" and "plant" with joy.
And sin or sorrow never will annoy.



SIN

The Lord of glory hung upon the cross
To save our human race from sin, we say;
But what is sin that brought such loss
To God and man? O count the cost, I pray.
First, gather all the broken hearts and try
To measure out the streams of blood and tears;
And listen to earth's agonizing cry
That Heaven hears throughout the passing years.
Enumerate the graves of all the dead;
Evaluate the cost of all the wars;
And add to all the tears that men have shed,
The price of Jesus' blood, His cross's scars.
All this great price to save from sin's cruel claw,
And "sin is the transgression of the law."



SPIRITUAL VISION

I often long for X-ray powers of sight,
That I might see, within these walls of bricks,
The suffering souls imprisoned in their plight,
Our sinful restless race's sorry fix.
God give me sight that even penetrates
Through royal robes or rotten rags, and reads

The fickle hearts of earthly potentates
Or outcast beggars in their utter needs.
O that I had prophetic vision grand,
To show earth's dangers and its life sublime,
And help the human race to understand
The meaning of majestic march of time!
But men who scorn God's word and won't be led,
Would not believe though one rose from the dead.



THE BIBLE, THE WORD OF GOD

God's word—the antidote for human fears,
The book of which Voltaire, in scorn, once said,
" 'Twill be forgotten in a hundred years,"—
That Book in triumph marches on—he's dead!
How sad that haughty skeptics will not read
This blessed Book with loving, reverent eyes;
The complement of every human need,
Man's joy in life, his comfort when he dies.
I wish I knew the way to make men see
The Bible's power to solve life's mysteries,
And let them know what it has done for me,
Unveiling God's fulfilling prophecies.
It tells us how to live and how to die.
O grasp this torch of truth and lift it high.



THE CHALLENGE OF THE HOUR

O church of Christ, how can it be that thou,
In this grand hour, could contemplate defeat?
Could'st dare, despite thy sacred, solemn vow,

Refuse advance or ever sound retreat?
 O heed the promise of thy Lord, who said,
 "I will go with thee even to the end."
 Arise! and bear the cross whereon He bled,
 And for His holy cause of truth contend!
 The gospel's great commission is thy Lord's;
 His warning message must be given the world;
 So strengthen stakes and lengthen out thy cords
 Until Christ's flag in every land's unfurled.
 Accept the challenge of this hour and plead
 For powers commensurate with thy task and need.



THE JUDGMENT

Alas! that fatal hour has come at last,
 When all men on one common level meet,
 And face the tragic record of the past,
 Trembling before God's solemn judgment seat.
 The books are opened wide, and every word
 That man has ever said, and every deed,
 The filth he never should have seen or heard,
 All loom before him as the angels read.
 Christ's precious blood was shed to make men clean.
 But see what hidden sins are brought to light.
 And only those can then remain serene
 Whose lives are pure and righteous in God's sight.
 God's law's His standard as He judges men;
 O love it now and you'll not fear it then.

THE RESURRECTION

Behold the glory of another spring,
 As blending beauty bursts from every flower,
 And nature's waking voices join and sing
 The message of God's resurrection power!
 It seems but yesterday each tree was dead,
 And every leaf had fallen to the earth;
 The frozen forms of earth we viewed with dread,
 And feared the flowers could never have rebirth.
 But, lo! a power we cannot understand
 Has breathed new life through everything we see;
 Proclaims a solemn message true and grand—
 From chains of death God sets creation free.
 O shout the news wherever there are men:
 Though we may die, we yet shall rise again.



THE SABBATH

Not all man's joys were left in Eden's home;
 The Sabbath day and marriage still remain;
 And whither exiled man is forced to roam,
 When kept, these institutions bring great gain.
 But Satan tries to change all good to ill,
 And vows he'll leave no man without a flaw;
 Incites men to rebel against God's will,
 And leads the world to break God's holy law.
 God's law commands to keep the seventh day,
 But men have set up man-blest days instead;
 Mohammed's many millions keep Friday,
 The pope blessed Sunday—see how error spread.
 As Christ the Sabbath's Lord was crucified,
 So hangs His day—a thief on either side.

THE VISION OF YOUTH

The clock of time keeps ticking off our days,
 Yet no one need to age before his time;
 We keep our youth by singing songs of praise,
 And every day we live should be sublime.
 No man is old until his spirit's dead,
 Though he has passed his threescore years and ten;
 No one is young whose vital spark has fled;
 He fails who falls and will not rise again.
 But he is young who meets each day with joy,
 Who revels in the lovely songs of birds,
 Who thrills with daily pleasures like a boy,
 And always greets his friends with cheerful words.
 We're young as long as we have hopeful eyes,
 But we are old the day our courage dies.



THE WILL TO RUN

Nor time nor tide doth wait for any man,
 So take time by the forelock if you will.
 In life's parade why fear to join the van?
 Why not be first to climb earth's highest hill?
 Are there not heights which no man has attained?
 Are there not deeds which no man e'er has done?
 The world is waiting for the man that's trained,
 Who has the courage and the will to run.
 So leap at sunrise and begin your race,
 And gird your loins to run till stars appear.

And keep a smile of vict'ry on your face.
He runs to win whose heart is full of cheer.
There's no defeat except that from within;
So never yield to sorrow or to sin.



"THY KINGDOM COME"

O God above, we plead for love to save;
For on this earth a direful dearth, indeed,
Of love prevails, and hate entails these grave,
Mad wars of greed. The human weed—sin's seed—
Of envy grows and kills love's rose so red.
God, give us grace; our human race, at will,
Defiles the springs of faith and clings with dread
To specter doubt, which stalks about to kill;
And seems to shout within, without, and lo!
The Christian's heart's high hope departs afar.
God, give us peace; wars will not cease, we know,
Till Jesus rules, and human tools of war
Are burned with fire, and man's desire he'll see—
The earth made new with hearts made true and free.



WALKING WITH CHRIST

As flow the rivers hasting to the sea,
So do our moments hasten to their end;
And how we meet our final destiny
Depends on how we're living now, my friend.
How do you face the conflicts of each day?

With haunting fear and doubt and drooping head?
 Do thorns and crushing griefs beset your way
 Until sometimes you wish that you were dead?
 Or do you meet the issues of each day
 As Daniel did, with strength for every hour?
 Or have you never learned to trust and pray,
 Have not yet felt this vitalizing power?
 O take Christ's proffered hand of love with joy,
 And walk with Him, then worry won't annoy.



WALK IN THE LIGHT

I rose this morn before the dawn of day,
 And cast my worthless self before God's throne.
 For light to guide the way, I paused to pray,
 While o'er my head the silent stars still shone.
 I plead with God to save our human race,
 Like Esther, prayed for rescue from the curse!
 And then I raised my eyes to see the face
 Of Him who rules the whirling universe.
 Behold! I saw the radiant sun arise,
 And like a shaft of gold it burst on me;
 Its rays of glory seemed to touch my eyes—
 God's golden wand stretched out for me to see!
 I welcomed this bright light from heav'n above,
 And rose to walk in light God gave in love.

“WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?”

I asked the guard above the watchman's gate,
“O tell me, watchman, tell me of the night.”
The watchman said, “The hour is getting late;
O'er in the east I see the gleams of light.
The ordered constellations of the stars,
Give certain proof the day is soon to break.
But, lo! I see portentous signs of wars,
The preparations that the nations make.”
The watchman paused, his eyes were filled with pain,
“The morning comes,” he said, “but also night.
The morning comes to bring to some great gain,
But darkness like a pall hangs o'er earth's plight!”
I thank you, watchman, for revealing facts;
I'll be a wise man who knows truth, and *acts*.

Section III

Casual Rhymes

COMFORTING THE SICK

When we are sick we hear a lot of kindly admonition
From our well-meaning friends who do not know our true
condition.

If we would only do the things they tell us is our duty,
We'd all be well tomorrow and be specimens of beauty!
With tender love one asks just how much water you are
drinking;

With deep concern another asks you just what you are
thinking.

Some tell you not to worry or to let your weak mind
function,

And lay down many orders with a heavenly injunction.
The way they worry o'er your thoughts and how your
mind is working,

Makes you wonder if your leg is "broke" or if your brain is
jerking.

They say so much about your thoughts, and the gist of what
is said

Is that you have no broken leg—it's only in your head.

One wants detailed reports upon the food that you are
eating,

And then with holy horror tells the death you'll soon be
meeting.

She then harangues an hour on the frightful combinations,
And what she leaves for you to eat is what I'd call "short
rations."

It may be someone hale and hearty thinks pain all is fiction,
And sometimes even preachers give a misplaced benediction.
But then when someone says, "Your pain is small—just grin
and bear it,"

I wonder if this coat of pain were on him how he'd wear it.



GRATITUDE FOR ARTISTS

There was once a brilliant doctor,
Though I can't recall his name,
Who, inspired by Van Gogh's paintings,
Warmly prophesied his fame.

"Van Gogh," he said, "I'd give the world
If I could paint like this.
If I could paint like you, I'd live
Within a world of bliss.

"Now I may cure my patient,
But—eventually he dies!
While your work lives forever,
Always cheering human eyes."

That doctor was not satisfied
To wield a surgeon's knife.
His heart cried out for what we call
Aesthetic things of life.

"Man shall not live by bread alone,"
But culture of the heart.
So while we earn our daily bread,
We must take time for art!

Perhaps, you say, "I cannot paint,"
 Well, then, just use your eyes
 And see God's gorgeous paintings hung
 In earth, and sea, and skies.

And poets—they are artists, too,
 Who paint with words, not oil;
 And when they paint their pictures well
 They lighten human toil.

Iron bars cannot a prison make,
 While poets help us think.
 The upturned sky their tablet is,
 The ocean is their ink.

And every blade of grass their pen,
 The universe their theme;
 And they can paint the life we'd live
 As in our choicest dream.

God bless the faithful doctors
 Who relieve our aches and fears.
 God bless the humble poets
 Who paint rainbows in our tears!



GYPSY BLOOD

I guess there's gypsy blood aflowin' in these veins of mine,
 And so I'm like to feel an urge to travel any time.
 Whene'er I smell some gasoline or hear a whistle blow,
 I rush to grab my hat and coat—it's that strange urge to go.
 You'd think I'd wait until I had some money in the box;

But say, I'd gladly start a trip without a pair of socks.
I often start a journey without a single dime,
Because this urge to travel hits me almost any time.
I love to see the countryside while travelin' down the road,
I love it so I'll gladly walk and carry all my load.
I like a car, but if there is no other way beside,
I start to walk along the way until I thumb a ride.
I feel a strange emotion just to watch the trees go by,
Or rest beside the road at night and see the twinkling sky.
It doesn't really matter much just where I'm travelin' to;
It's the fact that I'm a goin' and there's something new to do.
It doesn't make much difference if I turn the compass round;
The big thing is—I'm goin' and I'm movin' o'er the ground.
I always vow my travelin's over when I get back home,
But e'er I'm home a week I feel that same old urge to roam.
It makes my blood to tingle and an itchin' in my feet,
To see another fellow go a drivin' down the street.
It always whets my appetite to start another trip,
No matter if I'm ridin' on a train, a car, or ship.
Upon my word I really never could quite understand
Why I delight to travel back and forth across the land.



A BURNING MESSAGE

A certain lady got the *Signs*,
And she became so mad,
I dare not write her torrid lines—
Her words were just too bad.

She threw the paper in the fire,
 And did so every week.
 How could the *Signs* her heart inspire?
 She would not let it speak.

But don't forget God has a care;
 God's truth men dare not spurn.
 And in this case He answered prayer;
 The truth she could not burn!

One day when she came home from town,
 Again she found the *Signs*;
 She grabbed the paper with a frown;
 Her rage had dire designs.

She rushed to grasp the heater door,
 But stopped upon that spot
 And dropped the *Signs* upon the floor—
 The stove was just too hot!

She burned her hand upon that door,
 So paused to nurse her burn.
 The *Signs* lay open on the floor—
 The truth she'd tried to spurn.

A wondrous message caught her eye,
 So what else could she do
 But sit upon a chair near by
 And read the paper through?

She's now a member of our church
 And says this tale is true.
 O won't you send more *Signs* to search
 For souls like this for you?

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?

A shiftless farmer sat beside his shattered Southern shack,
His shoes were shreds upon his feet and rags were on his
back.

A stranger passing by that way espied him in his plight,
And asked the farmer kindly, "Is your cotton crop all right?"
"I ain't got none," he heard, so asked, "You didn't plant this
year?"

"Nope! I'se afraid o' boll weevils—they gives me awful
fear."

"Well, how's your corn?" the stranger asked with sort of
mental pain.

"I didn't plant none 'cause I'se 'fraid it waren't agoin' to
rain."

"Well, how are your potatoes, then?" he asked with heart-
felt tugs.

"I didn't plant none 'cause I'se terr'bly scared o' tater bugs."
The stranger groaned, "What did you plant?" and O, how
he did chafe.

"Nothin'," the farmer grinned, and said, "I thought I'd jes'
play safe."



MERCUROCHROME

"Ours is an antiseptic age," the doctor said with pride;
"The thing that helps to make it so is this stuff by my side."
He raised a bottle gently, and he smiled with friendly cheer
And stroked the bottle fondly as a toper would his beer.
O it was an inspiration to behold the doctor's joy,
As he played with that red bottle as a baby would a toy.

How his lovely eyes did twinkle as he held the bottle high,
And he said, "Though this is potent, you could pour it in
your eye.

We can use this stuff in any wound, or on a baby's skin;
Yet a germ that tries to fight it hasn't got a chance to win.
We use it intravenously to cure a lot of ills;
Since *we* found *this* we've thrown away our bulging bag
of pills.

It's put all other remedies completely in the shade;
In every operation we'd be lost without its aid."

"Why, Doc, I thought your knife so sharp it cut my bugs in
two."

"Oh, no," the doctor answered, "not the knife but *this* saved
you.

For on your skin a hundred million dangerous germs may
lie,

But we pour on this wondrous stuff and all those microbes
die."

"Say, Doc, what is this marvelous stuff? I'd like to take
some home."

"Why, certainly," the doctor said, "its just *mercurochrome*.
It's mild as milk, and doesn't burn and doesn't even foam;
O there's nothing in the whole wide world that beats
mercurochrome."

"O thank you, doctor, I've resolved wherever I may roam,
I'll take along a good supply of pure *mercurochrome*."



MY DOCTOR

Who was it came to see me on the day that I was born?
Who was it helped me catch my breath on that eventful
morn?

Who was it that befriended me before I'd seen another?
Who was it held me in his arms and showed me to my
mother?

My doctor!

Who helped me through those dangerous years of childish
aches and ills?

Who often came to see me with his bulging bag of pills?

Who was it rushed to save me when I broke my collarbone?

Who fixed me up and played with me till I forgot to groan?

My doctor!

Who was it stood beside us through those dreadful weeks
of "flu?"

When measles, mumps, or fevers came, who told us what
to do?

Who was it lost much needed sleep to come and care for us?

Who was it came in rain and shine and never made a fuss?

My doctor!

Who was it took a little knife and made a hole in me?

Who was it put his hand inside to find my enemy?

Who is it knows just what to do to nurse you back to health?

Who is it of all men I know deserves a little wealth?

My doctor!

Who was it took my baby hand and welcomed me at birth?

Who'll take my withered hand at death when I depart this
earth?

Who knows me even better than my mother or my wife?

Who's proved himself a friend of friends throughout my
hectic life?

My doctor!

THE SPIDER WEB

She knelt with others at the throne of grace.
 "Lord, cleanse the cobwebs from my heart," she prayed.
 And sounds of "Amen" filled the holy place,
 For hearts were stirred by this sweet prayer she made.

The next week found her kneeling there again;
 And as they prayed, each member there took part.
 And all went well until she prayed, and then
 They heard, "Lord, cleanse the cobwebs from my heart."

The third week came; again they heard her pray:
 "Lord, tear the cobwebs from my soul apart."
 A brother kneeling there was moved to say:
 "Lord, kill the spider in that sister's heart!"



THE HIDDEN CHURCH

O where is the Adventist church, can you say?
 Just where in this town can it be?
 We've frantically looked o'er this city today,
 Yet no sign of the church could we see.

We've eagerly searched through the newspapers here,
 And also the telephone book;
 But nowhere the name of the church did appear.
 We didn't know where else to look.

So went to the chief of police in the town;
 But he said that he didn't know.
 The church had done nothing to merit his frown,
 No record of crimes could he show.

We anxiously rushed to the fire chief just then,
But the church had never caught fire.
And he didn't know any women or men,
Who worshiped beneath our church spire.

We hopefully sought out the leading hotel,
And noted each church listed there;
No name or address of our church would it tell,
So we turned away in despair.

Did they have a Dorcas? No one in town knew,
No great deeds of love did inspire;
No singing bands, clinics, or anything new,
And no one had heard the church choir.

At last to the funeral directors we went,
For they always care for the dead;
They told us the spot where it slept in content!
O brethren, what more can be said?

I wonder how many church buildings are hid?
I wonder who favors this plan—
To hide in a city, as these brethren did,
And say, "Find our church if you can!"

O brethren, do something the world can admire,
And don't let our church members nap.
Let's lift up the torch of truth higher and higher
And help put our church on the map.

FATHER

For ages the poets have flourished the pen
To write of the love of the mothers of men.
But seldom we see and rarely we find
Appropriate praise for our fathers so kind.

While joining in tributes to mother I'd add
A kind word or two for the one we call "dad."
The worth of our mothers is obviously seen
In labors of love and their spirit serene.

The babies are fed and the tables are set
And countless kind deeds that we cannot forget.
But oft in the shadows, unseen and unsung,
The father has wrought in his labors far-flung.

In office and workshop, on highways or field,
He labored to garner the glad harvest yield.
The home has been built or the rent has been paid
And nameless things bought by a kind father's aid.

How myriad the deeds that in love he has done,
And many the vict'ries he bravely has won.
He stands as the "house-band,"—wields guardian's rod,—
Becomes to his children the symbol of God.

As one little lad was ill, thinking of death,
He said to his father with his dying breath,
"Is God in His heaven as good, daddy dear,
As you? If He is, then I'll die without fear."

LIFE'S JOURNEY

A journey of a thousand miles
Begins with one step taken.
Should that step lead to tears or smiles,
Will you remain unshaken?

Be sure of that first step, my friend,
You may learn why directly,
For any step can be the end—
So always walk correctly.

You ought to measure cloth ten times;
You cut it one time only.
Your hasty acts may lead to crimes—
Behind the bars it's lonely.

So take this as a lifetime rule,
In business or in pleasure;
Do not be hasty like a fool,
But take the time to measure!

A trend is more important than
The *status quo* you're showing,
And greater than your standing, man,
The direction you are going!

Each move is vital that you make,
Your first step and your latest.
Of all the steps you ever take,
Your next step is the greatest.

WHEN FATHER IS ILL

When mother has a temperature she never breathes a word,
 She says there's so much work to do to stop would be absurd.
 And so she toils from morn to night and never makes
 complaints,
 She works away day after day and serves until she faints.

We rush to call the doctor and he finds the fever high,—
 One hundred four,—and orders her to bed or she will die.
 The doctor hardly leaves the house before she's up, I vow,
 And says, "Why, I can work again, I'm feeling better now."

When father has a fever, he tells you how he feels,
 And talks about his stomach-ache, and how he lost his meals.
 He tells about his headache, every symptom, every sign,
 And pleads to take his temperature. You find it ninety-nine.

He says, "Go get the doctor; call the preacher, too!" He
 groans,
 And then he tosses restlessly upon the bed and moans.
 He cries, "Go call the lawyer, I must make another will
 Before I breathe my last and I'm found lying cold and still.

And tell the undertaker not to leave his telephone,
 For I may need him any minute"—gasping with a groan.
 And so we tiptoe through the house, for father's moans are
 deep;
 But when the worthies all arrive, they find him sound
 asleep.

WHEN ITINERATING'S OVER

Everywhere throughout this wide world
Many voices plead their need,
So we leave our earthly heavens,
Go to sow the gospel seed.

Traveling tears us from our families,
And we tread the beaten track;
But we can't forget those voices,
"Daddy dear, please hurry back."

When itinerating's over—
Everytime we cease to roam,
'Tis so sweet to greet the loved ones
And receive their welcome home.

Oft we find the way grows dreary,
And we find the road is long.
Oft we find ourselves so weary
That it's hard to sing a song.

But we feel our feet leap forward,
And we hear our hearts beat high
When we let our fond hearts ponder
That grand meeting by-and-by.

Earth's itineratings over,
Nevermore rough roads to roam,
O how sweet to meet my Master
And His royal welcome home.

WHEN THE SHOE FITS

I've heard a little story which I'm passing on to you;
 It has a vital lesson and I guess it's all too true.
 A certain lady went to church—we'll call her Sister Brown.
 She liked to hear the preacher score the sinners of the town.
 She only had one secret sin, a vice just all her own;
 She thought she kept it hidden so it never would be known.
 And so the months and years went by and everything
 seemed grand;
 She thought the church and preacher were the finest in the
 land.
 The preacher kept on working hard to make the city clean;
 He was a real crusader fighting crime and things obscene.
 He spoke a while on stealing. You could hear her say,
 "Amen,"
 And hoped that all her chickens were quite safe within
 their pen.
 He showed the sins of drunkenness, as his time would allow.
 And Sister Brown was heard to say, "That preacher's
 preachin' now."
 He spoke against all lying, and she smiled with keen delight.
 He spoke against all gambling, and she said, "The preacher's
 right."
 And then he said, "Another nasty vice is using snuff."
 'Twas then that Sister Brown jumped up and went out
 in a huff.
 It was her only secret sin, and so it caused a stir;
 For she supposed religion should reform the world, not her!
 Then dear old Deacon White was quick to meet her at the
 door

And plead with her; but she replied, "I'm coming back
no more.

I'm leaving this old church today; I'll not come back, I vow,
For the preacher's stopped his preachin' and has gone to
med'lin' now."



WHEN THE DOCTOR TOOK THE COUNT

I've read a funny story how a doctor overworked;
He kept on working day and night, no task he ever shirked
Until one night, exhausted, he told his worried wife,
"Don't wake me up tonight except to save a patient's life."
At two o'clock the frantic wife aroused him from his sleep,
She called him, shook him, used wet cloths—his slumber
was so deep.

At last he heard her, "Mrs. Smith is having heart attacks."
He grabbed his overcoat and bag and went to find the facts.
Still dazed he somehow found the Smith house on the other
street;

The frightened family let him in to hear her heart still beat.
He took her pulse and temperature, examined lips and eyes;
He then reclined against the bed—and here's what takes the
prize:

He laid his right ear gently to the left side of her breast,
And said, "Say one, two, three—keep counting till I've
made my test."

The next thing that the doctor knew he saw the morning
sun,

And heard a faint voice counting, "Seven thousand eighty-
one."

BOOKS

The poorest man is rich
 Who reads good books.
 The richest man is poor
 Who never looks
 At books!

We ought to help all men—
 Give each a lift—
 Befriending rich or poor
 With our grand gift
 Of books!



SOME THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

How wondrously sweet midst earth's sorrows and strife
 That variety still is the best spice of life.
 For one's lot can never monotonous be
 For him who can think well, or still smell, or see.

And even our palates can help us all share
 The flavors of foods that are tasty and rare.
 Wherever we live there is always some change;
 There's a world of real interest in every man's range.

So pause for a moment and think of your joys,
 And fondle your blessings as children do toys.
 So open your eyes and away with your fears,
 You can't see your blessings through blinding salt tears!

First think for a bit, while you're drying an eye,
How glad you should be you are able to cry.
For how could we live if our hearts didn't beat,
And thrill with emotions both bitter and sweet?

Remember we need both the sunshine and rain.
Rejoice when each comes and forget to complain.
The night and the day and the seasons, all four,
Oh, think of the blessings each one holds in store.

We think we see better in daytime than night,
But, strangely, our ideas are not always right.
For truly in daylight we cannot see far,
It's in the dark night we see yon distant star!

While tracing the systems we see in the skies,
Horizons are reached just beyond which there lies
The borders of glories our vision can't hold;
The brilliance of heavens just seems to unfold!

But should you get weary of searching the skies,
Just turn to the atom—a new world there lies.
Or look at some snowflakes through strong microscopes;
You'll find therein wonders beyond fondest hopes.

Or go to the mountains and study the trees,
Or gather some flowers—not thorns, if you please—
Or list to the babbling of brooks in their glee,
All blended in nature's supreme symphony.

Oh, think what we'd do if the birds were all dead,
And we could not hear their sweet songs overhead.
Or what would we do if we no more could smile,
And revel in friendships that cheer us the while?

And how we should joy in the use of the voice;
The privilege of speaking should make us rejoice.
And all that are able to whistle or sing,
Can make any day seem as cheery as spring.

Wherever we go there is something to see;
And if you want thrills, try the sting of the bee.
Wherever we live there are those who are blue,
So no one dares say he finds nothing to do.

Delve into good music, rejoice in its charm,
For it is a pastime that won't do you harm.
But if you want pleasures distinctly your own.
Just try writing poetry—worse things are known.

And while we are naming some things to enjoy
Let's not forget babies—a girl or a boy.
There's something akin to the light of the skies
In the beautiful smile of a sweet baby's eyes.

Be thankful for faith in the God of all grace,
And hope for the day when we'll look in His face.
Rejoice in life's blessings, God's bouquets of flowers
That brighten and sweeten life's fast-fleeting hours.



FACES

I like to study every face
I see along the street.
Some look as though they'd met disgrace—
A picture of defeat.

But as I study every face
I'll tell you what I find.
In every human face I trace
A flower of some kind.

I see one pretty, well-formed face
As lovely as a rose.
Its fragrance flows with wondrous grace
On every wind that blows.

Another is an ugly face
Because it frowns with scorn.
It brings such sorrow to our race—
This bristling human thorn.

I see a happy, pansy smile
On one sweet face I meet;
It radiates for half a mile
All up and down the street.

My burdens seem the lighter now—
I'll be a better boy,
Because upon that face and brow
I found the smile of joy.



BIRTHDAYS

While birthdays come as years go by,
You cannot stop them should you try.
So every year along life's way
Just pause and celebrate the day.

'Tis then your blessings you recount
And all your sorrows you discount.
Your joys you multiply or add,
Subtract the things that make you sad.

On this glad day in every year,
Divide with friends your wholesome cheer.
And while you get a gift or two,
Thank God who gave your life to you.

One cent for every year seems small
For total blessings, one and all;
And since the ladies will not tell,
A dollar bill will do as well.



THE KEYSTONE OF CHARACTER

The qualities that make up loyalty
Are many, like the diamond's sides you see.
With love "as true as needle to the pole,"
It sticks by you like stamps to reach a goal.

It is not bought or sold by friend or foe,
Defies the world and fearless tells them so.
But with this courage of a lion's heart
Combines the tenderness of lover's art.

Ah! loyalty like light through prism seen,
Reflects the glories of the rainbow's sheen.
The keystone arch in character, I'd say;
Without it all your virtues fall away!

ONLY ONE MOTHER

We have a host of friendly friends;
Some love us like a brother.
But as I watch our human trends,
I find none loves like mother.

She writes to you the whole year through;
Your friends sometimes can't bother.
Whate'er you do, her love rings true;
There's no one trusts like mother.

As mother "tends," as mother "mends,"
You'll likely find no other.
Her love she sends till her life ends—
There's no one gives like mother.

The web of friendship often rends,
Yet we can weave another.
But though you make a *million* friends,
You only have one mother!



THE AFTERGLOW

The sun has set, my eyes are wet;
But as I sadly muse upon
The setting of the dying sun,
And mourn o'er tasks I've left undone,
I look, and lo!
An afterglow
Lights up the sky,
Delights my eye;

And I can see,
The day for me,
Is not all done,
At set of sun.
For, lo! I look and see and know
When sun has set,
There is time yet!
Lest we forget,
God gives an afterglow!



MISSING IN ACTION

“Missing in action.” How sad, yet how true,
That many are “missing” when there’s work to do.
They miss all the serving, they miss all the fun;
They miss all the glory of victories won.

They miss all the joys, they miss all the praise;
They miss the rewards which faithfulness pays.
“Missing in action” through all of the past—
Will they be found missing in heaven at last?



TO A FRIEND

O lovely, kind, and trusting friend,
How pleasant are thy winsome ways.
Like yonder sun whose radiant rays
Dispel the night and gladden days.

Oh, how can language frame the thoughts
Of what you've been to me, my dear.
Oh, how I've loved to feel you near
To fill dark hours with light and cheer.

How sweet to hear the answering chord
Of friendship in a human heart.
But—feel its power and then—to part,
Ah! how it makes the teardrops start.

But in these hours of anguish drear
I feel the power of sympathy,
And through the blinding tears I see
The face of one who cares for me.

May "memories that bless and burn"
Still add new luster to our lives.
And friendship's ties we dearly prize
Soon be renewed beyond the skies.



DEEPER PLOUGHING

There's a story I've been reading,
With a thought we should be heeding,
Of a farmer who ploughed deeper in his soil.
In the war, you will remember,
Food was scarce by mid-December,
So this farmer prayed for more fruit from his toil.

Setting plough ten inches deeper,
Hoped he'd be a richer reaper,
Though his farm had long been worked as worn-out
ground.

He was working fields with pleasure
 When his ploughshare struck a treasure—
 Buried wealth he could not measure he had found.

Through the years he had been failing,
 And his labor unavailing,
 For his shallow ploughing missed the richer yield.
 Will you be a richer reaper,
 If you go a little deeper,
 In your prayer life or your service in your field?



THE ANT'S EVANGELISM

There's a story I've been hearing
 With a lesson that's most cheering,
 And I'm sure that you will want to hear it, too.
 Well, a man was eating pastry,—
 And it must have been quite tasty—
 When he thought of something he would like to do.

He was sitting at his table
 Eating all that he was able,
 When he spied a little ant upon the floor.
 Placing ant upon his pastry,—
 Which he'd thought was very tasty,—
 He was shocked to see the ant would eat no more.

But instead he left the table,
 Ran as fast as he was able
 Down the legs, and then he raced across the floor.
 So the man gave close inspection
 And he followed the direction
 As he saw the ant rush through the open door.

On the street the ant found others,—
I don't know if friends or brothers,—
But what he said just seemed to thrill them all.
And not one made an indictment;
Every ant with great excitement
Turned to follow him in answer to his call.

He led them to that table
Where they ate all they were able,
While the man stood by inspired by what he'd seen.
As he thought of all his neighbors,
And how circumscribed his labors,
He was shamed to be so selfish and so mean.

We believe the gospel story,
And we long for heaven's glory,
Let the world behold our hope to us is real.
And the message will grow sweeter,
And our feet become much fleeter,
When we get the ant's evangelistic zeal.



DORCAS

Dedicated to Mrs. Nelson Cox,
President of Southern California Conference
Dorcas Federation

"Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas: this woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did. And it came to pass in those days, that she was sick, and died: whom when they had washed, they laid her in an upper chamber. And

forasmuch as Lydda was nigh to Joppa, and the disciples had heard that Peter was there, they sent unto him two men, desiring him that he would not delay to come to them. Then Peter arose and went with them. When he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber: and all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them. But Peter put them all forth, and kneeled down, and prayed; and turning him to the body said, Tabitha, arise. And she opened her eyes: and when she saw Peter, she sat up. And he gave her his hand, and lifted her up, and when he had called the saints and widows, presented her alive. And it was known throughout all Joppa; and many believed in the Lord." Acts 9:36-42.

As we read the Bible story,
We're impressed how fame and glory
Came to many men and women in their days.
But is anything diviner,
Or a service truly finer,
Than the Christian spirit Dorcas here portrays?

She relieved mankind's affliction,
And a heavenly benediction
Seemed to hallow all her service wrought on earth.
Like a fragrant flower blooming,
She was quiet, unassuming,
And her loving deeds were thought of untold worth.

When she died, her friends and neighbors
Came to tell of all her labors,
And to show the many garments she had made.
Peter found them crushed with sorrow,

For they feared to face the morrow
Without Dorcas and her life of friendly aid.

Since her work on earth was needed,
The apostle interceded,
And the Lord in mercy hearkened to his cry.
Not to please the selfish greedy,
But to help the helpless needy,
God raised Dorcas—and her spirit must not die!



BILLBOARD LIQUOR ADS

As we drive through any city
We are filled with shame and pity
To behold the billboards advertising booze.
It's beyond my comprehension
How the public gives attention
To the lying propaganda that they use.

For their pictures are deceiving.
Yet the public keeps believing
It's the mark of true "distinction" just to drink.
Is the drunkard "smart" to stutter
Or to lie down in the gutter,
When the booze has robbed him of his power to think?

Now the auto advertisers
Still deserve some sympathizers,
For they show the finished product of their brand.
But the selfish liquor dealers
(Children's bread-and-butter stealers)
Never show the drunks they make throughout the land.

It is wrong to operate them—
 Why do cities tolerate them?
 Why permit the ads to make the drunks we jail?
 Oh, why can't we be consistent?
 And why won't we be persistent,
 And refuse to license selling poisoned ale?



THE BLESSINGS OF WORK

If you wake up in the morning
 With your hardest job to do,
 Don't start the day by grumbling—
 That won't help you see it through.
 Be glad for work that's difficult,
 For tasks that challenge you.
 Workers find a thousand blessings
 The idle never knew.

Section IV

My Tribute to China's Great Poets of the Past

MY TRIBUTE

O China, Flow'ry Middle Kingdom, land of old Cathay,
With humble, heartfelt gratitude I pen this thankful lay,
And pay my deep respects to thy great bards of ancient
times,

Who sang so sweetly nature's unsophisticated rhymes.

Melodious music mingled then midst murm'ring mountain
rills,

And list'ning ears still hear the echoes ringing through the
hills.

Reverberating clearly down the corridors of time,
They strangely strike responsive chords within this heart of
mine.

These ancient echoes start new joy bells ringing in my heart,
And gladly do I send my friends the message they impart.
I hesitate to make these masters speak my mother tongue—
Their poems cannot sound as sweet as when they first were
sung.

So I must beg forgiveness from thy master bards of old,
For only words "in season" are like pictures framed in gold.
And though I can't do justice as I frame these gems of yore,
I hope, perchance, the very contrast makes them shine the
more.

MIDAUTUMN

by

Tu Mu, T'ang Dynasty, A. D. 803-852

The sunset clouds of glory seen at close of day
Have now all gone.
Before the cold, clear night they seemed to fade away;
The fall winds won.
How bright that silent silv'ry path of stars above!
No bitter sighs
Amidst those brilliant spheres which ever do revolve
Within the skies.
Ah, me! my life's so short—this lovely night so brief,
I pause to weep.
Where shall I see this lucent moon next year? My grief
Is very deep!



AN AUTUMN EVENING MESSAGE TO CH'IU

by

Wei Ying Wu, T'ang Dynasty, Eighth Century,
Soldier-Poet

O bosom friend, sleepless I long for you this autumn night.
I stroll the vales and hum my songs refreshed by cool moon-
light.
Amidst the mountain silence deep I hear the pine cones fall.
My mystic friend, art thou asleep? or do I hear thee call?

A VILLAGE SCENE AT SUNSET

by
Lei Chen

A grassy marsh with flowers overbending;
A golden sun o'er Western Hills descending—
The lovely scene is mirrored in the wat'ry looking glass.
A shepherd lad, astride an ox, rides homeward o'er the grass.
He plays his little flute with wondrous power and skill;
The music of his joyful songs he plays by heart at will.



LODGING ALONE IN A BAMBOO GROVE

by
Wang Wei, T'ang Dynasty, A. D. 699-759

Within this mystic bamboo grove I sit alone and croon,
I strum my lonely lute awhile, and then I hum the tune.
I'm deep within this wooded grove, beyond all human ken;
But, lo, the lucent moon becomes my sympathetic friend.



EMOTIONS IN A RIVER TOWER

by
Chao Chia, T'ang Dynasty, Ninth Century A. D.

Alone I scale this river's tower—
My thoughts are sad tonight.
The murmuring waters hour by hour
Reflect the moonbeams bright.

A year ago my friends and I .
Enjoyed this lovely scene.
Where are they now? Ah, men must die—
But nature's still serene!

NEW YEAR'S DAY

by

Wang An Shih, Sung Dynasty, A. D. 1021-1086

Amidst the flare of fireworks and their boisterous bursting
din

We usher out the old year as we see the new year in.

The spring winds warm the hearts of men, and new toasts
add good cheer,

And every home awakes to hail the dawning of the year.

As sure as New Year's morning comes there's one thing
all men do:

They tear their old year's mottoes down and paste their
doors with new!



EVENING PRAYER

by

Li Tuan, T'ang Dynasty, Ninth Century

I drew my window shades apart

And saw the new moon's rays.

I felt a tugging at my heart,

And went downstairs to gaze

Upon the lovely scene and—pray.

My whispered words I spoke in fear

Lest any human ear might hear.

The whispering north breeze, blowing by,

Seemed to answer in reply.

OLD CHINESE PROVERBS

1. On Learning

Learning is truly like rowing a boat
 Against the stream's current so strong;
 Progress will cease when we just try to float,
 Slip backwards when drifting along.

2. On the Heart

The heart of man must be guided with pains,
 And kept on a well-controlled track;
 For like a wild horse racing over the plains—
 It starts easy but is hard to hold back.



RICH ROBES OR RED ROSES

by

Tu Ch'iu Niang, T'ang Dynasty, Ninth Century
 Instructress to the Heir Apparent

I offer you my counsel, friend:
 Adore not robes of gold.
 I urge you prize your precious youth
 Before you grow too old.
 While flow'rs bloom unstintedly
 'Tis time to gather then.
 Wait not to pluck an empty twig
 That ne'er can bloom again.

MOONBEAMS BRING MEMORIES OF HOME

by

Li Po, T'ang Dynasty Poet

The bright moon's rays shone softly by my bed,
Looming like hoarfrost falling on the earth;
I gazed entranced until I bowed my head,
All overcome with thoughts of native hearth.



THE LAST DAY OF SPRING

by

Chia Tao

This is the eve of the last day of spring;
Spring's parting pierces with grief's bitter sting.
Friend, we can't sleep through this glorious night—
Joy o'er the spring till dawn's bells toll her flight.



SLEEPING IN SPRING

by

Meng Hao Jan

Unconscious of the dawning hours, I've dreamed away
life's spring;
But everywhere amidst the flow'rs I hear the songbirds sing.
At last the night of wind and rain and sounds of storms are
o'er;
But while I've slept how many flow'rs have died to bloom no
more?

SORROWING O'ER SPRING'S DEPARTURE

by

Yang Chien, Sung Dynasty, Twelfth Century A. D.

I'd planned this spring to fete myself with sweetest joys
that be.

Alas, my hopes are gone. The east wind blows in vain for
me;

From year to year I never see the lovely flowers bloom—
I'm either crushed with grief and woe or bound in my
sickroom.



THE END OF SPRING

by

Han Yu, T'ang Dynasty, A. D. 768-824
A Great Statesman Called the Prince of Literature

Behold in nature how the lovely flow'rs
Seem queerly conscious of spring's closing hours;
Their beauty and their rarest perfumes vie
To give the world their best before they die.
Not so the thoughtless willow down that flies
Like fluffy snowflakes filling all the skies;
No fragrant perfumes rich and rare to blend,
No blessing sweet to give the world of men.

THE EVENING OF LIFE

by

Ch'en Tze Ang, T'ang Dynasty, A. D. 656-698
Intimate Adviser to Empress Wu

Slowly but surely the curtains of the day are drawn,
And night descends.
Shyly but truly the bitter winds of fall are born,
And summer ends.
The lovely flow'r of life thus fades,
And stricken, dies;
Where now are all the plans well made?
And what the prize?



THE SNOW AND THE PLUM BLOSSOMS

by

Lu Mei P'o

By the beauty of plum flow'rs 'gainst snow we're entranced,
And our pleasure in snowflakes by verse is enhanced;
But an ev'ning the poet calls "perfect spring hours,"
Is the blending of sunset with snowflakes and flow'rs.

THE RIVALRY OF THE SNOW AND THE PLUM BLOSSOMS

by
Lu Mei P'o

The snow and plum in beauty contests every spring have
vied;
The poets try to make a choice, but lay their pens aside;
For though they vote three times for snow because 'tis white
and fair,
Yet blossoms of the lovely plum yield perfume sweet and
rare.



"TILL DEATH DO US PART"

by
Chang Chi, T'ang Dynasty

Although you know I'm married, sir,
You've sent two pearls to me.
I hid them in my scarlet vest,
In gratitude to thee.
Although I know your thoughtful love
Is bright as fairest sky,
I vowed I'd serve my husband,
And with him live and die.

My home is in a stately house,
 My husband guards the king;
 And since I promised when I wed
 Till death I'd to him cling,
 I send you back your two bright pearls
 And two tears I have shed,—
 The tears because we did not meet
 In years before I wed.



VISION

by

Wang Chih Huan, T'ang Dynasty Poet

O'er yonder hills a radiant ray of sunset's glory glows,
 And ever onward toward the sea the Yellow River flows.
 Do you desire a broader view, and clearer visions see?
 O leave the lower levels, then, and climb the heights with
 me!



WAITING

by

Men Hao Jan, T'ang Dynasty, A. D. 689-740

O'er Western Hills descends the ev'ning sun,
 The vales are wrapped in darkness, one by one.
 Refreshing zephyrs cool the moonlit night,
 And flowing fountains murmur out of sight.
 The weary workmen wend their homeward way;
 The birds all seek their nests at close of day;
 But I am left beneath the azure blue
 To play my lonely harp and wait for you.

“THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU”

by

Shao Yung, Sung Dynasty, A. D. 1011-1077

How silently the heavens o'er us lie,
Without a voice from out the azure sky,
To tell us where to go to search for God.
But not above, nor o'er earth's distant sod,
Seek Him who liveth not from man apart;
Enthroned He dwells within the human heart!



W A R

by

Cheng Shao-shu

Our lovely land
With mountains grand
Is rent apart!
The teardrops start—
From both eyes flow—
For soldiers go
Into the towers.
What bitter hours!
Would'st try to lead
A man in need,
When all is wrong,
To sing a song?
'Gainst porch I lean,
Watch evening's scene;
Midst sunset's glow
I see “Lung Chow.”

A DAY IN SPRING

by

Chu Hsi, Sung Dynasty, A. D. 1130-1200

This glorious day beside the River Sze
I'll gather flow'rs,
And watch the boundless landscape's shifting scenes
Through passing hours.
Some more convenient day I'll learn what magic powers
The east winds bring;
When blending beauty bursts from ev'ry bending bud—
I know 'tis spring.